The Nation.

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The Week.

Whether the entire National Guard of Pennsylvania will be equal to the duty of covering the territory to which it is assigned, is open to question. Its highest officers have had long periods of strike duty at almost regular intervals of two years, but no foreign government, it is safe to say, would rest content with sending a force of this size, however experienced, into so turbulent and lawless a region. The problem, it must be remembered, is not a military one, but purely a matter of police duty of a peculiarly trying kind. It is not merely one of protecting millions of dollars' worth of valuable property, or of overawing strikers of eighteen or nineteen different nationalities, but of protecting men on their way to and from the collieries, and of safeguarding their families. The attitude of the strike leaders will naturally count for much in this matter. In view of Mitchell's repeated assurances at the beginning of the strike that there must be no violence, because violence would ruin the miners' cause, and his promises to discipline any offending local unions, it is distinctly his duty to give more time to denouncing criminal strikers and less to "advising" miners how to reply in mass-meetings to the charges of the operators. We do not think the President's proffer of a commission of inquiry calculated to enforce this duty.

If, aside from the doctrine of protection, the Republican party is to blame for the coal strike, its responsibility arose two years ago when Senator Hanna meddled with the strike then going on in the anthracite region. That strike was engineered by Mitchell also. He timed it for the Presidential campaign—wisely, as it turned out, for when the Republican prospects became somewhat overcast by the discontent of the wage-workers, Mr. Hanna came to New York and persuaded Mr. Morgan to make the concession of a 10 per cent. advance in wages as a political move. This may have been a just concession, but since the object of making it was political, it led Mitchell and the United Mine Workers to believe that they could get another advance in the same way. The charge that the Republican party is responsible for the present coal shortage has just this foundation, no more. The strike might have come even if Mr. Hanna had not put his oar into the troubled waters in 1900, but his movement at that time made a new strike almost certain.

Cable advices from England report large orders for coal to be shipped to America, and corresponding engagements for freight room to convey it hither. The announcement is made also that the new steamship combine has ordered 50,000 tons to be brought from England for New York, and perhaps also for Boston. Orders have been sent to Canada for all the coal in sight. In short, we are in the world's market as a buyer of coal, and if we have time we can get a sufficient supply by paying enough for it. Our demand in foreign countries will put up the price in those markets, and make the conditions of living somewhat harder there. But this is only reversing the condition that exists when Europe has a short crop of wheat, and bids up the price of the poor man's flour in our market. One of the London newspapers suggests that the Government might, in an extreme case, prohibit the exportation of coal. The Government could not do so without an act of Parliament, and it is difficult to see how Parliament could prohibit exportation after putting a tax on exported coal for the benefit of the Imperial treasury. The coal owners would have something to say about that.

There is one thing that we can do to cheapen the price of fuel, and that is to repeal the duty on coal. This tax is sixty-seven cents per ton, and it applies to anthracite as well as bituminous. Under all tariffs prior to 1897, anthracite had been on the free list, but a change was made in a rather shamefaced way in the Dingley bill, by which anthracite was made dutiable. The phraseology of the McKinley tariff included in the dutiable list only bituminous coal and shale and culm, but the Dingley measure added the words "and all coals containing less than 92 per cent. of fixed carbon." There is no foreign anthracite which contains as much as 92 per cent. of fixed carbon. Thus anthracite became dutiable for the first time in our history. This change was made, not because anthracite was imported to any perceptible extent, but because anthracite mines existed near Banff, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it was possible that the product might find a market in the United States. In order to be prepared for an emergency, a duty of sixty-seven cents per ton was clapped on the article in this underhand way. Well, the emergency has now come. Anthracite from Wales is now on shipboard coming to the United States, and it is reported that a contract has been made for Canadian anthracite also. When it arrives, this blessed Government, which is trying in all ways to get rid of its surplus revenue, will demand sixty-seven cents for each ton admitted to our ports, and the classes who can least afford it will have to pay the tax.

A convention cannot rise above its source. Ex-Gov. Hill was in full control of the Democratic Convention at Saratoga last week, and his characteristic talent for intrigue, for low cunning, for shifts and turns, together with his inveterate inability to measure or to satisfy the best opinion of his party or the public, was stamped upon all the proceedings. It was all very well to drop Bryanism in silence, but what is to take its place? Tammany played a humble rôle in the Convention. That was in grateful contrast to the Croker domination of two years ago, but what assurance have we that there is any real change of heart? The one great guarantee of a new purpose and honorable methods is lacking—the nomination for Governor of a man whose name should be a synonym for courage and character, intelligence and resolute will. How far Mr. Coler falls short of meriting that description, we have been compelled to point out from time to time, and there is no magic in a nomination for high office to make us read a man's nature and record differently after he has received it. With many others, we had bright hopes of Mr. Coler when he first came to public notice as Comptroller of this city, blocking the path of the indecent Ramapo plotters. But Mr. Coler himself was the one to disabuse the minds of the clear-sighted of the notion that he might be of the stuff of which true reformers are made. In the first place, he immediately developed a most unpleasing eagerness for political reward. He angled for nominations as Mayor, either by Tammany or against, he cared not which, and wondered at the fastidious people who thought it made any difference which; or as Governor, whether by or against a boss, it was all one to him. He has long been, in short, that most undesirable of candidates—the uncommonly anxious one. Mr. Coler, moreover, has shown such instability of judgment and so feeble a personal grasp on either principles or the practical duties of a public servant, that he can arouse no hope of new life for his party. No one, except those who love to be deceived, could imagine him in office anything but a tool of Hill's.

The Saratoga platform is a sort of catch-all, but is, on the whole, a much better document than the one which the Republicans adopted at the same place the week before. The demand for the nationalization of the anthracite coal mines is too glaringly a campaign dodge to be taken seriously. It is a kind of

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freak plank, of which we shall hear no more (except reproach of its authors) when the strike is over. On the subject of the State canals, the Democrats are far more satisfactory than the Republicans. They are explicit and progressive, where the latter were halting and evasive and meaningless. What is said about the need of instant tariff revision to relieve industry and to right injustice is admirable; and the denunciation of a colonial policy, with a demand for generous treatment of Cuba, has a good ring. These deliverances on national politics are sound doctrine, and should be embodied in law; but that is no reason at all for thinking that anything but harm can come to the affairs of this State from putting them again in the hands of David B. Hill, by means of his proxy, Mr. Coler.

The Democrats of Rhode Island did at least two good things in their State Convention last week. The first was that they utterly ignored Bryan and Bryanism and confined themselves mainly to State issues. Rhode Island is a small State, and the Democratic party there cuts a small figure in the national organization, but every convention that casts its clod on Mr. Bryan's coffin does its part towards rehabilitating and strengthening the Democratic party. The Convention also defeated the ambition of John J. Fitzgerald of Pawtucket, who wished to run for Governor. The significance of this act lies in the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald is in his small way as thorough a demagogue as Bryan. Mr. Fitzgerald was Mayor of Pawtucket during the street-car strike in that city a few months ago. In his endeavor to curry favor with the labor vote, he abjectly surrendered to the strikers and allowed them to run riot through the city. Through his incompetence and cowardice he won the contempt of all the decent and law-abiding citizens of his State. He looked for his reward this autumn, but the gang of his backers was unable to force him upon the Convention. He retires, therefore, not only despised, but defeated.

They teach logic in the colleges of Massachusetts, but little of it got into the tariff plank of the Massachusetts Republican platform. This recites that "the high wages and constant employment" of the past five years are "due" to the Dingley tariff; but then it immediately proceeds to assert that "the habit of charging to the tariff whatever evils, real or imagined, afflict the country, has become an evil of itself"! Why so, any more than charging blessings to it? Do the Republicans of Massachusetts suppose that Americans are so simple as to believe that every good they enjoy is due to a protective tariff, but that all the concomitant evils are due to the Democrats, or an unkind fate or mysterious Providence, working through obscure "social and industrial causes"? No, the tariff is either all or nothing. Treated as a fetish by the Republicans themselves, it will be so treated by the people —that is, it will have flowers flung on it and rice spread out before it in prosperous times, but will be knocked about and have nails driven into it when the evil days come. If this is, as the Massachusetts Republicans lament, itself an evil, they are primarily responsible for it. They have sedulously cultivated the idea that tariff laws create prosperity and content, and it is not for them to dodge when discontent rises angrily to ask why they do not make a tariff to cure it. Certainly one would search far before finding grosser inconsistency than their tariff plank, said to be the product of the pen of H. C. Lodge, LL.D.

The notion that Speaker Henderson's withdrawal was due to mere petulance is much weakened by the letter of acceptance of the candidate who has been nominated in his stead. Judge Birdsall takes his stand squarely on the Iowa platform and with Gov. Cummins and the more progressive element among the Iowa Republicans. The idea that some man who held the same views as Speaker Henderson might be nominated and elected, in spite of the abrupt action of the latter, evidently was not shared to any extent in the district affected. The determination of Gov. Cummins and his associates to force the fighting for tariff revision is again exhibited by this nomination, followed by the plain speaking of the letter of acceptance. Speaker Henderson is thus required to support a candidate who adheres to the views on the tariff issue which he regards as utterly obnoxious, or else to take the responsibility of contributing to the election of ex-Gov. Boies, the Democratic nominee. Evidently the "Iowa idea" will not down, in Iowa at any rate. The nomination of Mr. Foss, at one time doubtful, but now confirmed by the recount, who made his contest in the Eleventh Massachusetts District on the platform of free hides, free coal, and free iron, indicates, moreover, that it will not down in other parts of the country.

Why are Crumpacker, Grosvenor, Chandler *et al.* silent over the political ostracism of colored citizens by Republican organizations in the Southern States? When the Democrats in that section were framing election turnstiles that would bar illiterate negroes while admitting ignorant whites, no political penalty was deemed too severe by the Northern champions of negro rights; but when white Republicans in Alabama and North Carolina are denying representation in party conventions to the saving remnant of the colored vote—the educated and property-owning negro electorate, which not even Democratic malice and ingenuity could disfranchise —not a protest is raised by the Republicans of the North. Their silence needs explanation. They have not the selfish motive of their brethren of the South, who are substituting a white Republican organization for the lost negro vote as a basis for Federal patronage; and the only logical conclusion is that they have jettisoned the negro vote in their pursuit of the *ignis fatuus* of a white man's party in the South. To find a Republican virtue in a Democratic sin is evidently no wrench to a certain kind of political conscience.

Secretary Shaw has been getting into deeper water from day to day since he made the decision that the banks need not keep any reserve against Government deposits. Several explanations of his true meaning have been put out unofficially, and each one seems to have been misinterpreted. People tried to reconcile the ruling with the law as they read it in the statute-book, and as it was impossible to do so, they became mystified. A rumor gained ground that the Comptroller of the Currency did not agree with the Secretary's ruling, and that he would enforce the law as it stood. Stocks fell two or three points when this divergence of views was announced. So the Secretary made a fresh explanation in a circular dated October 4, to which he affixed his signature. The substance of it is, that while the law requires the national banks to maintain a fixed percentage of reserve against all deposits, it leaves both the Comptroller and the Secretary a discretion as to enforcing the penalty for violating it. The law says that when the bank fails to maintain the reserve the Comptroller *may* notify it to make good such reserve, and that if it fails to do so within thirty days the Comptroller *may*, with the concurrence of the Secretary of the Treasury, appoint a receiver, etc. After reciting these terms of the law, the circular says:

> "You are therefore notified that the rule will not be enforced, so far as it relates to Government deposits secured by Government bonds."

The Comptroller prudently refrains from issuing any circular on his own part, but intimates, through the newspapers, that he may continue to send the banks the usual notices when their reserve is less than the required percentage of their total deposits. This course would certainly be prudent, since the sending of such notices does not commit him to any forward movement, while it does protect his rear. The main question, however, is, what effect these notices are likely to have on

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the banks. The whole purpose of the new ruling was to open the way for an expansion of loans. This motive, sufficiently obvious in itself, was rather loudly proclaimed in the dispatches from Washington on September 30. It was then said that the new ruling would make possible an expansion of loans and discounts to the amount of $130,000,000. The banks of New York, however, have not availed themselves of the opportunity to expand their loans. The Clearing-house returns of last Saturday are presented in the old way. The reserve is computed on the basis of all the deposits, public and private and a surplus, although not a large one, is shown. Perhaps the depositary banks, realizing that life is short, and the tenure of office uncertain, and the state of public opinion shifting, would not like to have notices from the Comptroller's office piling up against them every thirty days, even though assured by the Secretary that such notices mean nothing. But in point of fact they do mean something, as may at any time appear.

The Government's revenue from customs taxes, during August, not only was $5,000,000 greater than the year before, but was much the largest of any month in the country's history. September's customs revenue, complete returns for which are now at hand, is substantially the same as that of August. Both returns show the effect of our enormous merchandise imports, which, in the two past months, have exceeded all precedent. The September customs return also explains the continued Treasury surplus, and the recent resulting drain on the money market. Last April's internal-tax reduction law was expected to strike $72,500,000 from the annual revenue—an average cut of something over $6,000,000 monthly. In the three first months of the fiscal year, internal revenue has been diminished $13,800,000. This is much below the estimate, but it was sufficient, along with a $15,000,000 increase during the period's expenditure, to have caused a $6,000,000 deficit had customs receipts remained unchanged. But the customs revenue, since June, has been $15,000,000 greater than last year's; hence, of course, an enlarged surplus.

It must be pointed out again, however, that this surplus revenue is comparatively small. It is true that the excess for September was $11,000,000; but the excess since July 1 has been only $9,000,000, and of that excess $7,400,000 has been deposited with the banks. These figures hardly indicate that the Treasury has been, as is commonly declared, "draining" the money market. What it has actually taken and locked up this season is a bagatelle in the huge cash reserve fund of New York. The real trouble has been that the West drew heavily for harvest needs—it took $10,000,000 net last month; that the settlement of our bankers' large foreign borrowings has prevented movement of gold from Europe; and that the banks, nevertheless, continued, until the rise in money startled them, to increase their loans *ad libitum*. The resultant crisis in the market may have been one which warranted special help from the Treasury; but the facts should be clearly understood.

The details of the steamship combination, so far as the articles of incorporation go, have been made public. The companies joined together are the American and Red Star, the Atlantic Transport, the White Star, the Leyland, and the Dominion. The three last named are under the British flag, but at least one of them (the Leyland) is owned by Americans. They are brought together under a New Jersey charter and under the name of the International Mercantile Marine Company. This company has formed an agreement with the two large German companies (the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd) by which said German companies agree to contribute a portion of their dividends to the International, and the latter agrees to pay a fixed sum each year to the former. In other words, the International pays from its own funds to the German companies 6 per cent. per annum on at least 20,000,000 marks ($5,000,000) in any event. If the German companies do not earn dividends within the year, they pay nothing to the International, but they get $300,000 as an annual bonus or subsidy from the combine. This, we suppose, is paid to the German companies to prevent rate-cutting.

The capitalization of the International is $120,000,000 stock and $75,000,000 in 4½ per cent. bonds, or $195,000,000 in all. One-half of the stock is classed as preferred, one-half as common. The preferred is entitled to a 6 per cent. cumulative dividend, as in the case of the Steel Corporation. If the business should prove less profitable than the promoters expect, and the dividends on the common should be put in jeopardy, a conversion of some part of the preferred into bonds at 4½ per cent., as in the case of the Steel Corporation, would be a natural consequence. What would be a fair valuation of the entire property nobody outside the combination (and probably few inside) knows. It is customary to say that property is worth what it would cost to replace it, but that would be an over-estimate in this case, since an old ship is not worth so much as a new one. Judging by the usual procedure in the promotion of Trusts, the capitalization is probably three or four times what it cost to build the ships. The overplus may represent syndicate profits or the company's estimate of its "good will." The statement has been given out verbally that none of the securities will be offered to the public, but that the owners of the constituent companies will take the whole. No instrument binding them to retain their holdings is shown among the papers. We infer, therefore, that if the public should show a strong desire to buy the securities, the present owners might be induced to part with a portion of them.

The refusal of an American naval officer at Panama to allow a Colombian General to proceed over the railway to Colon sustains our *bouffe* method of fulfilling our treaty obligation to "guarantee Colombian sovereignty" on the Isthmus. Of course, it is the other clause of the treaty to which Admiral Casey points—the clause under which it is our right and duty to keep transit open. But the Colombians may be excused for complaining of the progressive applications which we have made of that part of the treaty. First, we would allow no fighting along the line of the railroad. Then we refused to permit troops, Government or insurrectionary, to take passage on the trains. This we afterwards modified so as to allow unarmed soldiers to be carried across, their rifles going by separate train. But now we have held that the presence of a single General in transit would precipitate a conflict, and so we have put a veto on his going. He might have complacently taken this action as a striking tribute to his personal prowess. Yet the strange man is reported to consider himself and his Government insulted.

The funeral of Zola at Paris on Sunday is, of course, described in the press dispatches as an impressive ceremony, for it is always true that "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." The impressiveness in this case, however, was not in the municipal guards that lined the route, in the company of infantry that added brilliance to the spectacle, or in the oration of M. Hermant, who, on behalf of the Societies of Authors and Dramatists, reviewed Zola's literary work. Such tributes might have been paid to almost any prominent man of letters. The impressive feature of Zola's funeral was the thousands of workingmen, many accompanied by their wives, who marched behind the coffin, and the passionate appeal to these people by Anatole France. M. France did not emphasize Zola's skill as a constructor of plots, a delineator of character, or a master of style. The achievement which the moment of Zola's death bulked large in the eyes of M. France and of his listeners, was that outburst of indignation which roused the country against injustice.

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DEUS EX MACHINA.

That the coal strikers would lay down their arms on a personal appeal from the President, in a conference with him in the presence of the operators, no sane man could have expected. The very calling of the conference was proof that their premeditated weapon of general distress was doing its deadly work. Their being summoned as high contracting parties gratified their love of distinction and sense of power, while it confirmed them in the belief that Federal interference was not to be feared from President Roosevelt, notwithstanding his emphatic announcement that the existing situation must terminate at once. Moreover, on any supposable agreement that might be reached, the only pledge which they could carry out would be to declare the strike off. In fact, they brought with them only a specious offer to arbitrate the unarbitrable, which the operators rejected, not as operators but as men, defending the rights of man.

Regarded by itself, therefore, the conference was but another of the spectacular performances to which the President has accustomed us. He manifested his concern for the impending national calamity; he brought both sides together as no other intermediary could have done; he had nothing to say about the merits of the strike, still less about the philosophy of trade-unionism; he listened to offer and argument from either hand, and then the meeting dissolved back into its original unsubstantiality. If it had no design of furnishing public ground for taking the decisive step which should give quietus to Mitchell, as on a memorable occasion to Debs, it was worse than useless. It fostered hopes of success which must be disappointed if this country is to be saved from perdition. It intensified by delay the already prevailing suffering and anxiety of mind. It gave grounds for suspecting the same political paralysis at the White House as at the capitol of Pennsylvania; to which Mitchell's proposition to leave the choice of arbitrators to the President decidedly lent color. For it must not be forgotten that the President found himself in Washington, not as the careful watchman at the seat of government, but as the disabled party stump-orator—stumping virtually in his own behalf for a second term.

There was another disqualification, less obvious but not less positive, for his initiating a paper settlement. President Roosevelt is a protectionist—not more profound, not more original, than his predecessor. He was dealing with the perfect flower of protectionism in trade-unionism. For this reason, among others, he was predisposed to view the strike as a legal condition—in other words, to cheat himself with names. What he could not see before him was the rival President that Mitchell is, who says to the Constitutional President chosen by the suffrages of the whole people, whom he is bound to protect against rebellion and civil chaos, "Thus far, and no farther." There appeared but one right in the coal regions, the right to strike, and to terrorize, maim, and murder men ready to work in harmony with the operators and to supply the direst need of the country. Because this right has by tolerance and the decay of manhood become a vested one in the minds of most Americans, its essential destructiveness to our institutions has failed to penetrate the Presidential mind. Hence Mr. Roosevelt was not the man to illumine the situation and electrify the patriotic feeling of the country by the fitting word, calling a spade a spade, and to adopt the only measures demanded by the gravity and urgency of the crisis.

There is, connected with the foregoing, a subordinate deception or fallacy, which confounds the unthinking. What we may call the Strike Power, as of old (when times were better, albeit not so good) we spoke of the Slave Power, is assumed to rest upon the conferences of a body of freemen, whereas its constituency is recruited by press-gang methods and its policy dictated by absolute compulsion, not to speak of other methods known to those who rig conventions for ordinary party purposes. Its sole brake is the chance of failure. The size of the majority required for appearance of free will and deliberation is of no consequence. A majority of one might have precipitated the present pandemonium; and, what is equally to the purpose in the purview of White House conferences, the slightest grievance—the discharge of a single man or mule-boy—would, given a prospect of success, have been made the pretext for the renewal of the struggle for domination never to be allayed till there has been a moral awakening on the part of the American people. Mitchell would have gone with as much effrontery to the White House with a grievance that he could carry in a brown-paper parcel, as with one that required a Saratoga trunk. His cruel contemplation of the misery inflicted upon the remote innocent and helpless by his warfare would have been as steady in the one contingency as in the other. He rests secure in the forced allegiance of some, the deluded allegiance of others, the would-be emancipated thralls of Capital who

> "—— burst their manacles and wear the name
> Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

Much silly talk has been heard about the country having got along without anthracite coal in past ages—as if it could readjust itself to substitutes in forty-eight hours and in the bitter season of the year; as if it had not been sought to dragoon the soft-coal miners into line with the anthracite, with a narrow avoidance of that catastrophe. Every one knows that coal ranks with air and water in the life of modern civilization; and we ask, if Nature had concentrated the water supply in one particular tract of this part of the continent, and its custodians had, for a question of wages or other consideration, attempted by force to lock the gates and withhold the supply till their demands were satisfied, how long would the people have looked on complacently at the President and the Governor of the containing State making a football of responsibility for the continuance of the famine? Or we will make another supposition, that the anthracite coal deposits were in a Southern State, and mined by negroes organized in a trade-union, and that they undertook to play Mitchell's anarchistic game; does any one believe their leader would have been invited to confer with the President, or that we should not have heard one cry of "Lynch them!" and seen volunteers spring up on all sides?

We can as well revert to turnpikes and stage-coaches as dispense with coal, and coal is inseparable from the iron of our rails and from the traffic that is carried over the rails. Commerce to-day means nothing if coal be eliminated; they can no longer be thought of apart. The country has justified one courageous President in seeing to it, by prompt and efficacious interposition of Federal troops, that no conspiracy of strike and boycott against railroads should defeat the Constitutional provision for the protection of commerce. Nothing but a legal quibble can establish any difference in the situation created by Debs in 1894 and that initiated by Mitchell to-day. No trains, no commerce; no coal-mining, no commerce. The difference is in the occupant of the White House—in 1894, Cleveland, the civilian; to-day the most bellicose of the long line of Presidents.

President Roosevelt has followed up the abortive conference with a putting of the screws on Governor Stone that ought to have been applied before the President set out on his campaign tour against Trusts, no one of which has inflicted such material and moral damage on this country, so raised the price of a prime necessary of life, or excited such apprehensions regarding the very framework of our Government. Whether the Pennsylvania militia ordered out *en masse* will suffice to restore order and protect willing industry, remains to be seen. We do not ourselves believe that it was necessary to await Governor Stone's tardy and reluctant action, or the ultimate call which he may still have to make for Federal aid. His impotence during the past two months at least has been a trumpet-call. Were there no statute under which he might act, were there no construction of the Constitution broad enough for the emergency, the true saviour of society would still perform the deed. When an arbitrary clerk obstructed on roll-

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call the organization of the House in the Twenty-sixth Congress, an ex-President, promoted to that body, offered a resolution to remove the unlawful obstacle. "But who will put the question?" inquired all; and John Quincy Adams responded, "I will put the question myself."

A NEW KIND OF TRUST.

Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University has been delivering lectures in several Western cities on the subject of Trusts, and he has detected in the mass a new microbe which seems capable of a large development. It consists of an alliance between the Trust and the labor union in particular trades, who join together to fleece the consumer and divide the proceeds between themselves. This kind of microbe has only just become visible, but an example of it is found in the glass industry. "Glass-blowers," says Professor Clark, "are scarce, and for lack of them many glass pots are idle. The public pays a high rate for its window-panes. The men and their employers have still an issue to settle with each other, for it has still to be determined how much of the tax which the public pays shall go to each of them; but in collecting the tax their interests are one, and the issue between the industry as a whole and the purchasing public takes precedence of that between masters and men within the industry."

This throws a new light on the vaunted efficacy of the tariff to raise the wages of the laborer. We create in the home market a monopoly in the production of an indispensable article, avowedly in order to benefit the wage-worker. Of course, somebody must pay the piper. The consumers, who are the whole people, must contribute to that end; but how is the wage-worker to get his share? The employer will not pay more for labor than the market rate if he can help himself. The laborer understands that perfectly. He does not expect anybody to pay more than he is compelled to. So he forms a trade union, and limits, as much as possible, the numbers who shall be admitted to it. He limits the number of apprentices, and he calls all who would like to work at that trade but who are not members of the union "scabs," and pelts them with brickbats when necessary. He boycotts all who buy non-union goods. The employer does not relish that kind of unionizing, because he does not like any monopoly but his own, yet if he can prevent competition among producers he will consent to make an alliance with his employees against the rest of the community; not very cheerfully, perhaps, but he will do it because he does not see any easier way to go on. By and by it becomes a compact between the two that they shall charge as much for their goods as the tariff will allow, and divide the proceeds. Then the political party that enacts the tariff claims great merit for having taxed nine-tenths of the community in order to raise the wages and profits of the small remainder.

The glass industry is an instance very much in point. The duty on common window glass of the smaller sizes is one and three-eighths cents per pound. It ranges from that figure to four and three-eighths cents for the largest sizes. The tariff act does not specify what is the equivalent ad-valorem rate, but since the rate in all unspecified articles is 45 per cent. ad valorem, we assume that the duty on common window glass is not less. If the glass-blowers have secured their rights under the tariff, if they have secured what the politicians said they intended to give them, they have got all that they are entitled to under the most generous interpretation of the doctrine of protection. We recall the fact that some years ago, when those who habitually "tinker with the tariff" procured the passage of a bill adding to the dutiable value of imported goods the cost of boxing, baling, and cartage of the same, the glass-blowers made a computation of the amount that this provision would add to the cost of foreign glass, and then struck for the whole amount as wages, and got it; and we think they were quite right in doing so. The men who tinkered the tariff in this way said that they did so to protect the American laborer, and it was no more than fair that the American laborer should take them at their word.

Evidently protection belongs not to the statics, but to the dynamics of political economy. It is not stationary. It is always on the move. Having exhausted everything that was conceivable under the tariff, it took the form of combination among producers. It is now about to take the labor unions into partnership, or rather the latter are forcing themselves in. Such union is not practicable in all cases, but it is so in trades requiring a high degree of skill. By preventing boys from learning particular trades, and putting up a wall against the immigrant laborer and imported goods, it is possible for the Trust and the labor union jointly to put up the prices of particular goods to the limit of the conscientious scruples of the joint producers. Professor Clark considers the danger serious, but not irremediable. Society may yet protect itself, he says, but "it will take the united effort of classes who have not yet worked together to remedy it." He refers, doubtless, to the consumer and the non-union worker. Eventually these classes will be compelled to organize for self-defence. The ranks of labor are going to be recruited as long as the world lasts. People will continue to be born, and they must find ways to earn a living. If the avenues of employment are monopolized by the new kind of Trust, by means of the boycott or otherwise, the classes thus injured must meet the issue systematically, and not at haphazard as now.

"ON PROTECTION LINES."

Tariff revision thunders are crashing in all parts of the Republican sky. The National League of Republican Clubs meets in Chicago, only to find that tariff reduction and the relation of the tariff to Trusts are the burning questions of the hour. Republican orators and Congressional nominees in all parts of the country are forced to speak on this one topic. They deprecate, they quibble, they evade, but still they talk about it. In some cases they take a bold stand for amending the tariff; in others, they vehemently protest against laying an impious hand upon the sacred Republican ark of the covenant; but in all cases they confess that the question has burst full on the country again. The "closed" tariff is wide open once more. The "settled" protective policy is in a state of wild upheaval. Party leaders are quaking and wondering what will come next; but all of them can see that divisive forces are at work in the Republican ranks. That top-heavy protection which they thought was the very making of the party, now threatens to break it.

In these circumstances, a phrase is needed as a life-preserver in the whelming floods of popular agitation. Senator Lodge grasped for such a form of words in his speech at Boston the other day. Personally, he wants nothing done to the tariff, but said that if the people demand revision, he would waive his individual preferences and allow them to have their way. This was certainly magnanimous of him. He might have insisted stubbornly, and then the people would have had no remedy, except revolution. But Lodge is pure benevolence when it comes to letting the majority rule, and he graciously gave notice that he would not thwart the popular will. But on one point he was very firm, even stern. Any reduction of the tariff that might be made must be "on protection lines." He wanted that understood. Free hides for Massachusetts manufacturers could be had only on condition that the act of Congress making them free should be labelled in capital letters a protective act. If it was a question of making hides free in the name of free trade, why, you would first have to walk over the dead body of Henry Cabot Lodge. "Cut down duties, if you must," he said heroically to the American people, "but do not fail to call it an extension of the protective principle." The fact that protection has hitherto always meant marking duties up has nothing to do with the case.

Almost on the same day, Senator For-

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aker was opening the Ohio campaign, and was using the same form of words. He, too, admitted that the tariff might have to be revised, but he also contended that the work must be done "on protection lines." The phrase bids fair to have frequent airings. It may take the place of that venerable joke, "the tariff revised by its friends." The latter has been too frequently defined by actual practice to be any longer eligible. We all know that revision of the tariff by its "friends" means simply a fresh distribution of favors and plunder among those who are lucky enough to write the tariff bill in its final form. The "Constitution between friends" is a feeble jest compared to the side-splitting farce of the tariff revised by its friends. Talk about loving a man for the enemies he has made! We hate the tariff for the friends it has made. But this proposal to revise the tariff "on protection lines" is a new and amusing invention, well worth inspecting with a view to finding out what the phrase really means.

Let it be understood at the outset that men who have tariff reduction at heart do not care two straws what it is called, provided the thing be done. If it will please or relieve protectionists to assert that steps towards free trade are really movements along the line of protection, free-traders will not be cruel enough to deny them that consolation. The protectionists may keep the name if they will give up the substance. We should have no objection whatever if a Republican Congress passed a bill to put on the free list hides, and iron, and coal, and wool (as Massachusetts Republican nominees for Congress are demanding), and to reduce or repeal the duties on steel and glass and other Trust-made articles (as the Iowa Republicans would like to see done), and then solemnly ticketed it the greatest measure of protection to American industry ever enacted. Give us the thing, and we care not for the label. Free wool may be described as carrying out the teachings of Horace Greeley; free iron and coal and hides may be declared to be exactly in line with the principles of Clay, and Carey, and Thompson, and "Pig-iron" Kelley; a sharp cut in the duties on manufactures of steel and of glass may be asserted to be conceived in the very spirit of the Morrill, and McKinley, and Dingley tariffs—all that does not matter. Have it your own way, gentlemen of the alarmed protectionist camp; apply to your hurts the balm of any misleading title you like. All we want is tariff reduction, and it will smell to us just as sweet by any of your fantastic names.

But we really suppose that we have to do, in this new phrase "on protection lines," with a Tale of a Tub. It is something thrown out by the frightened Republican navigators in the hope of diverting the whale that threatens to sink their craft. Who imagines that Lodge and Foraker really wish or hope to see the injustices of the tariff corrected, its monstrosities sheared away? At best they would be reluctant servants of the people, whipped to their task. If there is to be real revision, reductions that will mean something, readjustments that look to the good of the whole people, and not to the advantage of grasping cliques, the work will have to be done by men who can undertake it with untrammelled hands, under some such positive instructions from their constituents as are contained in the tariff plank of the New York Democrats. That declares, without shuffling or mumbling, that the tariff should be levied only for "public objects, never for private purposes," and should be "limited to the necessities of the Government economically administered." Compared with that straightforward declaration, the plea for tariff revision "on protection lines" sounds like the outcry of troubled placemen who fear that they will be driven from office for neglect of duty. Their whimpered protests that they will do the work the people want done, if only allowed to do it in a bungling and half-hearted way, really defeating the popular will if they can, must greatly help the party which is contesting the House on the platform that "immediate tariff revision is the supreme duty of Congress."

A SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT.

The London *Times* has been publishing a remarkable series of articles on municipal Socialism in England, with the intention of showing that municipal trading results in all manner of extravagance and demoralization. So marked is this bias that the temper recalls Sir Theodore Martin's observation of the Education Bill—"If free and compulsory education, why not free and compulsory bread and butter?" But no conservative prepossession vitiates the formidable statistics of municipal extravagance which have been presented, article by article. One might choose as characteristic the little city of Cardiff, which conducted various enterprises capitalized at £283,631 (viz., lighting, baths, markets, and cemetery) at a net loss, for the year ending March 31, 1901, of £3,576. But the dangers of municipal Socialism are best studied in the case of the great county borough of West Ham, a manufacturing suburb of London, which includes the Victoria docks, and has a population of more than 275,000.

As an outcome of the great dock strike of 1890, the Socialists came into a gradual control of the Town Council, which became complete at the elections of 1898. The majority of Socialists in the Council took its instructions from the party organization, which had required each of its Councillors to deposit his resignation, for presentation at any time, with the committee. The first move of the Socialist régime was to reëstablish a Works Department to do all borough work by "direct employment." From this time forth economy was thrown to the winds, and the Council set itself vigorously to supplying employment regardless of the cost, starting in with a £100,000 hospital. As a matter of course only union labor was employed, the eight-hour day was universally adopted, and the union scale of wages with a 20 per cent. increase became the borough scale. The shortening of the day meant that, in the case of the steam roller, for example, the city actually got about five hours of work after the time of firing up and of going and returning had been reckoned, while the carters of the stabling department reduced their trips from three to two a day, the department itself being run at an annual loss of £8,000 a year, as compared with contract prices.

Housing schemes were the next in order. The twenty-seven dwellings actually built were occupied largely by corporation employees who paid nominal rents, and, for one instance, got electric lighting at 6d. per week which cost the borough one shilling. The whole venture resulted in a loss on the investment of about £4 per house. Meanwhile the laziness of the employees became a scandal, and it was almost impossible to discipline them because they were protected by the unions. Instead, the Socialist members of the Council passed a law granting pensions to city laborers upon liberal terms and after short service, rejecting a scheme for pensions which required a stated contribution for a term of years from the beneficiaries. When it became difficult to pass the more extravagant measures, the Socialists changed the sittings of the Council to the evening, and debates involving the employment of labor were attended by enthusiastic audiences of employees, who clamorously expressed their desires and upon occasion were even admitted to the floor of the Council chamber.

Apparently it occurred to no one to inquire who was to pay the piper. The annual increase in expenditure grew to £30,000, as against £13,000 in pre-Socialist times, outstanding obligations and the public debt were largely increased, the rates rose from an average of less than 9s. in the pound to 10s. 6d., the proportion of this levied by the Borough Council rising from 2s. 7d. in 1890, to 4s. 8½d. in 1901. But all this expenditure meant more and easier employment, and it was assumed that the money coming out of the capitalist class was in the nature of a compulsory dole to labor. And as a matter of fact the ten thousand rate payers assessed at £20 and more were subject to excessive advances in their assessment, while the great manufacturing enterprises were mulcted for

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an undue portion of the borough expenses.

But even spoliation of the capitalist class cannot go on indefinitely, and the Socialist Councillors soon found certain flaws in their financial theories. Rents, for example, were raised by 12½ to 20 per cent. The manufacturers refused to expand their plants proportionately with the expansion of their assessments, but concentrated their efforts upon their other works; the Great Eastern Locomotive Works actually considered abandoning its West Ham establishment. At last even labor began to look askance at a class of employees who worked only eight hours, doing about as much or as little as they pleased, and received 20 per cent. more than the union scale of wages. The glamour of the Socialist experiment was vanishing when the now reduced Socialist majority committed political suicide by advocating a bill for various public works which should expend not less than £2,596,000, including £1,675,000 for municipal dwellings for workmen. It was this proposal which carried a large majority of candidates of the Municipal Alliance—a defensive organization of taxpayers—into the Borough Council of 1901, and after three years made an end of the Socialist régime, which, however, leaves a characteristic legacy of £1,900,000 of prospective obligations.

The experience of the Borough of West Ham illustrates no extreme folly and certainly no especial depravity of Socialist theories. It was in the main an honest government, and it erred merely in supposing that the chief end of a municipality is not to transact all its business with the utmost efficiency and economy, but rather to furnish employment and "pleasurable conditions of life" to its citizens. The Socialist Councillors of West Ham also erred in supposing that in matters of taxation two and two make five. There is, we find, in this Socialist experiment no warning for a city corporation which will conduct such enterprises as lighting, heating, and local transportation upon business lines. There is a signal warning for that city government which professes a vague humanitarianism, and, as certain of our officials have recently done, puts the employment of union labor or the granting of the prevailing rate of wages before the immediate duty of good stewardship of all city interests.

PERSONAL SOUVENIRS OF ZOLA.

NEW YORK, October 2, 1902.

Zola has often been charged with commercialism. I have always thought this an unfair accusation. Like Victor Hugo in letters and Bartholdi in art, who have been slurred in the same way, Zola felt that his literary labor should be adequately paid. I never heard him or saw him place money above art, but he did believe that art should produce money. He enjoyed embellishing his Paris and Médan homes, which were crowded, overcrowded indeed, with art objects that were not always artistic. He always needed money, and, during the past few years, was more than once financially embarrassed. But I could cite many examples that came under my observation of Émile Zola's total disregard of pounds, shillings, and pence. The tempting offers of various kinds that came to him from America and England, after his infamous trial had made him famous, were not considered for an instant—in which respect, by the way, he differed diametrically from another distinguished Dreyfusard. From beginning to end, he would not make a sou from the celebrated Affair, when he could easily have coined thousands of francs. This disinterestedness was carried so far that he not only refused compensation for the powerful broadsides delivered through the columns of the *Aurore*, but permitted the owner of that impecunious sheet to reap all the benefit of increased sales and simultaneous publication abroad. Nor were these profits insignificant.

Zola used to feel rather bitter towards America, but not wholly because he got none of our dollars. He once wrote me that he had long ago abandoned all hope of "doing business with the United States. For many years I have been promised returns from the other side of the Atlantic, but so far I have not seen even the tail of anything. The only thing that is perfectly clear is, that they rob me *là-bas—voilà tout.*" Nor was his dissatisfaction with America due simply to the pirated editions of his books. He told me on one occasion that tales of which he never wrote a line were foisted upon the American public as his, and, he added, "I fear and tremble lest my enemies here bring them out in French dress. This would indeed be adding insult to injury." So when, in recent years, two respectable New York publishers issued authorized editions of some of his novels, Zola was much pleased, but not so much on account of the money which came to him as because he felt that he was now in a dignified position in America. Consequently he was the more deeply wounded when, this past season, the proofs of his forthcoming story were declined both in New York and in Philadelphia.

Zola was often even generous in money matters. I well remember the very delicate way in which he referred one day to a translator of one of his stories who had "collared" (Zola used the equivalent French slang word) two thousand francs which a too-confiding publisher had left with the translator for transmission to the novelist. "I know he needs the money more than I do," Zola remarked; "but if he is again selected to do the translating, I must ask that moneys intended for me be not sent via that *panier percé.*"

After returning from his exile in England, Zola was sorely in need of funds, and I judged that then was the opportune moment to reinvite him to prepare for a prominent periodical some essays which had been promised for a number of years. But, with the utter disregard for money which I ever found in him, he pleaded, as always, that he was too busy on the novel then under way. However—and this is the real reason I cite the incident—he was finally induced to yield, through curiosity to try a plan which I laid before him in most eloquent terms, namely, dictating to a stenographer. He thought that perhaps he might find here a relief from the mechanical drudgery of composition, but, I must confess, he was not very confident that such would be the case. And the result justified his mistrust. I appeared early one morning at Zola's house accompanied by an excellent stenographer, and found the author awaiting us in his study with several slips of paper in his hand covered with topical notes. I soon left the two men alone, and the next day the stenographer sent me the typewritten result of the morning's dictation. In the same post came a letter from Zola asking to see the copy, though, according to our original plan and in order not to consume more of the author's valuable time, he was willing to forego revision on the ground that, as the article was to appear in a foreign language, the literary style of the original was immaterial. But I, of course, hastened to comply with his request, and, two days later, the manuscript came back to me so black with corrections, additions, and erasures, that a clean copy had to be made before it could be sent to the translator. Zola never again tried dictating.

Let me offer another example of Zola's indefatigableness in giving a high polish to his literary work. I stood directly behind him when he spoke at Alphonse Daudet's grave, one cold winter's day in the Père Lachaise Cemetery. As he read from the manuscript, written in that bold, black chirography which reflected the energy and daring of the man, I read it too, following him line by line and page by page. When the account of the funeral appeared in the *Temps*, I remarked one or two notable differences between the printed and written speech which I had so carefully perused. I knew this could not be attributed to stenography, for the *Temps* was in press almost before we quitted the cemetery, and so had been given in advance a copy of the speech. I asked for an explanation which I had already divined, and this is what Zola wrote me: "Just before starting for Père Lachaise, I could not refrain from touching up my manuscript, which I had thrown off the night before."

At this moment the Dreyfus affair was only beginning, but Zola, as was his normal condition, was under a literary cloud, and engaged in that singular campaign of trying to force the French Academy to elect him to membership. At every vacancy he stood as a candidate, but the number of his supporters could be easily counted on the fingers of one hand. His prominence at the Daudet funeral created considerable comment. As the procession wound its long course from the Rue de l'Université across the whole of Paris to the distant cemetery, Zola, who, with uncovered head, marched directly behind Léon Daudet and Victor Hugo's grandson, received more than one discreet mark of sympathy. It was his first public appearance for many months, and he had been selected to deliver the funeral oration at the bier of the author of 'L'Immortel.' This was significant. In many literary circles it began to be said that opposition to him ought to cease. A day or two after the funeral, I heard an Academician say at the breakfast-table of another Academician: "If Zola were to be walking up the Avenue des Champs-Élysées some fine afternoon, just as the coachman of a superb victoria, with

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a beautiful young lady sitting alone on the back seat, lost control of the horses, and if he were then and there to rush out into the street, seize the foaming steeds by the heads, and save the life of the fair damsel at the risk of his own, he would be the hero of Paris for a day, and would be admitted to the Academy without a dissenting voice." The historian of Napoleon who made this remark was then one of the very small band of Academicians who supported Zola. Not so many months afterwards, at the same breakfast-table, this same Academician pitched his idol to the ground in true Napoleonic fashion, because, during the interval, Zola had performed a much more dangerous and braver act than stopping a runaway team.

Zola has also been blamed as a seeker after notoriety. This idea was doubtless uppermost in the mind of the Academician who imagined the scene in the Champs-Élysées. Even some Dreyfusards have said that this was probably the predominant motive that prompted the celebrated arraignment, "J'accuse." When, a few years ago, Zola was knocked down by a cab in the Chaussée d'Antin, he described the accident so minutely to a reporter—as if he were preparing the episode as a page for a future novel—that some of his maligners declared they believed he had got himself run over on purpose to make a sensation. I must confess, however, that I never discovered, in my intercourse with Zola, any of these Barnum-like proclivities. As in the case of Castelar, but to a far, a very far, less extent, there was, perhaps, a touch of naïve vanity in Zola's mental make-up. But, as also with Castelar, there was a something, a sort of personal magnetism, in the man when you were in his presence that removed any appearance of conceit from what he said. Zola had a wonderful flow of language. He was never at a loss for a word. He spoke, as he wrote, with much volubility. So, when he related an incident of which he was the central figure, this turn of mind led him to make a complete picture out of a mere detail. But there was never anything of the Zeus about him as there was in the manner of Victor Hugo, whose cold posing became at times almost laughable.

Zola had a fine opportunity to display self-complacency, if it was in him, when he went back to France after the Dreyfus case. But he did nothing of the kind. Even those most prone to condemn his course in this affair had to admit that his conduct was exemplary in this particular. It was even difficult to get him to receive in public the splendid gold medal struck in his honor and paid for by subscriptions sent in from all parts of the world; and when the ceremony occurred in the contracted editorial rooms of the *Siècle* office, Zola's bearing and language in his little speech of thanks were in the very best of taste. And the plot of the novel which is now appearing serially in a Paris daily, and which will be the last production of this prolific pen, is, though based on the Dreyfus tragedy, presented with such tact and skill that the lamentable Affair which divided all France into two hostile camps, is wholly lost sight of in the interest awakened by the story itself.

THEODORE STANTON.

ECCLESIASTICISM IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, September 12, 1902.

When the wars of the Reformation had spent themselves, the Protestant and Catholic peoples in Europe had for the most part come to occupy different districts, states, and countries. They naturally used the religious edifices within their reach, and, unless impelled by increase of population, had no need of new ones. It was different in Ireland. The government of the country had become Protestant. The old faith was proscribed, and the church fabrics were seized. As Protestants were generally in too small numbers to occupy or maintain them, they fell into decay; and at present there is not a district in the country where their ruins may not be seen or their ancient foundations traced. The abrogation of the penal laws one hundred and fifty years ago found the people for the most part worshipping in the open, in private houses, or in buildings of the most modest pretensions. So lately as the first half of the last century, Irish Catholic churches bore outwardly much the same appearance as Presbyterian or Quaker meeting-houses of the period; internally, they were little better than empty barns with clay floors. When the country had somewhat recovered from the famine, clearances, and emigrations of fifty years ago, when Catholicism had perfected its ancient organization and asserted its position, the process of replacing the simpler erections by artificially designed cut-stone churches was commenced, and has since been carried on with increasing vigor. Ireland is divided into thirty dioceses. It is the aim of each of these to possess a fine cathedral. Visitors to Queenstown, Killarney, Letterkenny, Thurles, Armagh, and other towns, may judge of what has already been accomplished in this latter respect. The churches in Wexford, the capital of a county whose population has been diminished by one-half, are samples of what has been accomplished in parochial architecture. The clergy formerly lived for the most part in lodgings, the higher ecclesiastics in houses no better than those occupied by middle-class merchants. Comfortable parochial residences or presbyteries, generally in close proximity to the church, and often the best houses in the parish, are now becoming the rule. The new palace of the Archbishop of Dublin is a specimen of a modern diocesan residence. Into parochial needs have been thrown but a portion of the building energies of Catholic Ireland. Conventual institutions, male and female, have spread, and are rapidly spreading, over the country. These are generally founded by purchased occupation of some one of the seats of absentee gentlemen or noblemen, which abound, especially near the larger towns. After a few years such are generally replaced by larger and more pretentious, solidly-built piles. The Cistercian monastery of Mount Melleray and Kenmare convent are examples.

That which must strike the outside observer is that all this has been considered necessary and accomplished while the population has been diminishing, whilst the masses of the people are still wretchedly housed, and whilst the supposed great political aim of the country is still unattained. The records of wills and proceedings in the probate courts reveal the large share of accumulated capital that is passing to ecclesiastical purposes. Too much of it comes from those connected with the drink trade, and this tends to such trade being leniently considered. The economic strain must be considerable, and one to which it is not likely a Protestant people in a similar stage of development would submit themselves. Upon the surface of Catholic society, there is apparent no murmur of objection to the costly requirements of ecclesiasticism. Each new claim for building or renovation, each new bazaar and collection, is hailed by the press as a work of necessity. We have seen more collected within a few weeks for the improvement of one church in Dublin than was contributed about the same period within six months by the whole of Ireland for political needs. In private interviews Catholics are beginning to be more open upon the subject. I lately asked: "Is this not merely a temporary phase to repair the necessary wants of your church after the misfortunes of the past? Will there not be surcease of this monetary drain when in all your parishes are erected new churches?" "By no means," was the rejoinder; "these demands appear to increase in proportion as they are met. As buildings are erected, there are endless claims for enlargement, renovation, and internal adornment." Another Catholic remarked, speaking of his first visit after many years to a town in which a cathedral had lately been erected at enormous cost: "It made me almost sick to see such a building so adorned internally that has arisen amidst the unchanged wretchedness of the abodes of the people."

It must be apparent that Ireland is heavily weighted in the attainment of material prosperity by the requirements of her religion; all the greater necessity that political stumbling-blocks should be removed. This, however, is no argument against her religion. If eternal happiness for the largest number is best attained by the requirements of her ecclesiastics being unstintedly met, worldly considerations are properly of no account. It is, however, well to realize facts, and, in reviewing the condition and prospects of Ireland, not to throw all the blame upon her political institutions. Even from a material point of view the expenditure is not all loss. The sight of these fine edifices—worshipping in them—cannot but increase the self-respect, cultivate the æsthetic feelings, and raise the tastes of the people. A large proportion of the conventual communities give themselves to education, the care of the poor, the nursing of the sick. At many, technical instruction is imparted, and weaving and others of the industrial arts are practised.

Catholic church government in Ireland is exclusively ecclesiastic. The most important educational functions in the country are being confided to ecclesiastics. Institutions of all kinds more and more come under their influence or direct care. Their doings and management are generally considered above criticism. The positions they occupy afford some of the best fields for the calling out and exercise of executive abilities. The most devoted and spiritual minds tend to be drawn to such service. Male and female, these ecclesiastics are vowed to celibacy. If there is any truth in the doctrines of heredity, the general relegation of such duties and responsibilities to celibates cannot in the long run but tend to lower the

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commanding and executive faculties of the nation. No matter to what extent political power may tend to fall into Catholic hands, there is no fear that Protestants will not be able to hold their own in Ireland so long as the Catholic mind gives itself so much to ecclesiasticism.

Catholics alone have the right to judge as to the wisdom of their course. They cannot, however, object to outsiders holding and expressing their opinions. They cannot prevent it being remarked that such a degree of Church interference in the life of the nation is not considered desirable in other Catholic countries. It is unfortunate that such open criticism on these subjects as has yet appeared from Catholics has not been of a kind to carry much weight. A remarkable book has lately been published, 'The Ruin of Education in Ireland'—its ruin, as the writer believes, through ecclesiastical interference. The author is Frank Hugh O'Donnell, once a member of Parliament, a man of ability, but who has forfeited influence through almost invariably being found opposed to the methods and policy of those with whom he would be supposed to agree. A Mr. Michael J. F. McCarthy, who professes himself an ardent Catholic, has lately given to the world two volumes, 'Five Years in Ireland' and 'Priests and People in Ireland.' These have had wide circulation and immense vogue among Protestants.* This acceptance and vogue is discouraging to those who desire that Irish Protestants should hold a place and exercise their share of influence in the country. These books are written in a slipshod style and are embellished with illustrations that often have little relation to the text. They state much that is worthy the serious attention of Irishmen; but the author's thesis as to the degree to which he believes his country is being dwarfed by ecclesiasticism, is supported by such unfair lines of argument, and his estimate of the character and doings of the clergy and of the masses of the people is so ignorantly malevolent, that, in the minds of any whom it would be a real benefit to influence, disgust and amusement will be aroused rather than thought stimulated. His main incentive to authorship is stated to be the degree to which backwardness prevails in Ireland as compared with other Catholic as well as Protestant countries. This backwardness he attributes to the clergy. If undue ecclesiasticism is to be deplored, must it not strike most observers that it is the circumstances of Ireland that have brought this about—her powerlessness to mould her own institutions and deal with this ecclesiasticism if she so desire and as other Catholic nations have dealt with it? The British people, not seeing fit to trust the Irish people with the management of their own affairs, seek to manage them through boards and the delegation of power to individuals and associations. Many of these are ecclesiastical. The Catholic Church is the only institution in Ireland over which England has had no control. It is the one round which the pride and thoughts of the people have naturally centred, to whose service they have lavishly devoted their means and their best powers of mind. Some may consider it their misfortune, it certainly is not their fault, that they have not been encouraged more to divide their interests, and school and exercise their faculties in other lines of corporate and national responsibility.

The freedom now accorded to the development of Catholicism in Ireland, the refuge which dispossessed French and other communities are finding within her shores, has had considerable influence in reconciling the people to British rule. Strange, indeed, are the mutations time has worked in these respects. Some of the most valuable Irish MSS. and records were in the libraries of the Franciscans. To save these from the persecutions of the seventeenth century in Ireland, they were removed to Belgium. The doings of the French Revolution in the eighteenth century caused them to be brought to Rome. The secularization of the monasteries in Rome, after its occupation by the Italians in the nineteenth century, has led to their return to Ireland. D. B.

*These books have been favorably received by a section of the English press, and have attracted attention on the Continent. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is stated to have written of the first named: "One of those works which announce a revolution in public opinion, and a new epoch in the history of Ireland. There is no book in the English literature of to-day which has made such an immense sensation as this book."

Correspondence.

HAWTHORNE AND EVERETT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In my recently published Life of Hawthorne, writing of his anonymous early work, I gave a list of seven tales attributed to him by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, among which are "My Wife's Novel" from the 'Token' of 1832, and "The Modern Job" from the 'Token' of 1834. The first of these is included in the sixteenth volume of the autograph edition of Hawthorne's works. Dr. William Everett informs me that both tales were written by his honored father, Edward Everett. That a story of Edward Everett's should have wandered into an edition of Hawthorne is a striking illustration of the literary breeding and power of our elder Massachusetts statesmen, and also of the danger of attributing authorship by internal evidence. "The Modern Job," it may be added, is much more "Hawthornesque" than "My Wife's Novel." There are a few other tales included in late editions of Hawthorne for his authorship of which I could find no satisfactory proof.

Your obedient servant,

George E. Woodberry.

Beverly, Mass., September 30, 1902.

ZOLA'S TENDERNESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is not Zola's beautiful letter to Mme. Dreyfus, after the "pardon," enough to disprove the truth of your suggestion that his crusade for the prisoner "was conceived in hate—savage indignation at national wrongdoing, not compassion for Alfred Dreyfus"? To have penned that letter, by which, perhaps, future generations will measure the man himself, his nature must have had in it a deep well of tenderness, fully set flowing by the piteous tale, and making all the more intense his wrath against the wrongdoers.

At the close of the long and moving letter, he pictures her children, all unconscious of the fearful story:

"Some evening, under the familiar lamplight, in the heartfelt peace of his own fireside, the father will take them on his knees, and will tell them the whole tragic history. They must know it, that they may respect him, that they may adore him, as he deserves. . . . I could have wished that you had led them to that prison in Rennes, that they might for ever recall their father there in his utter heroism; that you had told them all he had suffered unjustly, what moral heroism was his, with what passionate tenderness they were to love him and make him forget the iniquity of men. Their little souls would have been steeled in a bath of manly virtue."

L. K.

THE TREATMENT OF NATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the thesis held up to ridicule by Prof. Kuno Francke in your issue of September 25 was undertaken at my suggestion and under my guidance, it is not my province to attempt to prove its merits. I wish, however, strongly to protest against the method of attack pursued by Professor Francke. A careful review may be as severe as possible without giving offence. But to send to a journal a letter in which a few superficial phrases do duty for carefully considered sentences (for Professor Francke merely quotes a few lines from the epitomes which the author introduces at the end of each discussion, without giving the least idea of the detailed work which leads up to them), is little short of outrageous. Any scholar with reputation in this fashion can throw the most unfavorable light on almost any publication whatever. Such procedure hardly implies a strong grasp of that "true scientific spirit" which Professor Francke so painfully misses in the dissertation under discussion.

In passing, I beg leave to call attention to a review of this treatise by Prof. Alfred Biese. Biese is the greatest authority on the treatment of nature in literature. His works on the subject ('Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Griechen,' Kiel, 1882; 'Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Römern,' Kiel, 1884; 'Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter und in der Neuzeit,' Leipzig, 1892) are classics in their way, and, ever since their appearance, have been regarded as basic in all discussions on the subject. In a review in the *Deutsche Litteraturzeitung* of July 12, 1902, he says:

"Eine recht fleissige und tüchtige Arbeit liegt in dieser Chicagoer Doktor-Dissertation vor." . . . "Der Verfasser bekundet eine weite Belesenheit in der einschlägigen Litteratur, sowohl der wissenschaftlichen wie der in Betracht kommenden Dicht- und Prosawerke, auf die er seine Ausführungen stützt. Er geht sorgsam und methodisch vor." . . . "Man kann zweifeln, ob eine sachlich-chronologische Anordnung von vornherein nicht angemessner gewesen wäre als die Trennung von Dichtungen und Briefen (oft derselben Personen), jedenfalls aber wird man angesprochen von dem wissenschaftlichen Geist, der das Buch durchzieht, und von der Gründlichkeit, mit der (kleinere Versehen und Einwände abgerechnet) die Frage behandelt ist," etc.

I leave it to those who have read Biese's review and Professor Francke's letter, and who can appreciate Biese's position in the world of scholars, to decide whether the latter's calm discussion or Professor Francke's

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extravaganza is more likely to reflect the truth.

CAMILLO VON KLENZE.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, October 3, 1902.

Notes.

At last we have the long-desired Index to the 'Publishers' Trade-List Annual,' edited by A. H. Leypoldt and issued from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*. It is a fairly handsome octavo volume of 1,104 pages, embracing in one alphabet the author's name; the first significant word of the book's title; and, where the latter includes a class designation (Cookery, Dante, Garden, Lexicon, Poetry, Recollections), this for a third set of rubrics, in bold-face letter. This arrangement will probably be found quite sufficient for working use of the Index. Each entry supplies price and publisher's name, and generally requires but a single line. The promptitude of the appearance of this invaluable key to the current 'Trade-List Annual' distinguishes it from the English Index to the corresponding 'Reference Catalogue to Current Literature.' Whether there will be a successor or an annual series will depend on the demand and the remuneration afforded.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will market a limited American edition of Robert Southey's 'Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands,' now first printed, though the tour followed close upon the battle of Waterloo. Prof. C. S. Sargent, having put the finishing touches to his 'Silva of North America,' will begin publication through the above firm of 'Trees and Shrubs,' a series of volumes covering the woody plants of the northern hemisphere that would flourish in the gardens of Europe and the United States. Mr. C. E. Faxon will be his draughtsman as heretofore.

Little, Brown & Co. will shortly publish 'American Literature in its Colonial and National Periods,' by Prof. Lorenzo Sears of Brown University.

'Pickett's Charge, and Other Poems,' by Fred Emerson Brooks, is announced by Forbes & Co., Boston, along with 'Myrtle and Oak,' by Sir Rennell Rod, and 'In Merry Mood,' by Nixon Waterman.

Prof. Angelo Heilprin's volume on Mt. Pelée in eruption will bear the title 'In the Heart of a Volcano,' and will have the imprint of J. B. Lippincott Co.

'Sport Indeed,' by Thomas Martindale, is in the press of George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

Further issues by Charles Scribner's Sons are 'Unknown Mexico,' by Carl Lumholtz; 'A Fighting Frigate, and Other Essays and Addresses,' by Henry Cabot Lodge; 'Literary Landmarks of Oxford,' by Laurence Hutton; 'Jethro Bacon, and The Weaker Sex,' by J. F. Stimson; and 'The American Merchant Marine,' 1660-1902, by Winthrop L. Marvin.

W. W. Canfield's 'Legends of the Iroquois' will soon be brought out by A. Wessels Co.

Additional announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'The New Empire,' by Brooks Adams; 'The Loyalists in the American Revolution,' by Claude H. Van Tyne; 'Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum,' by Isabel Lovell; and 'How to Sing,' by Lilli Lehmann.

From D. B. Updike's Merrymount Press we have a thin volume of real elegance in print and binding, 'Four Addresses by Henry Lee Higginson,' which Harvard men above all will prize, both for the text and for an early and a late portrait of this great benefactor of the University.

The character of Mr. Lionel Strachey's latest translation is sufficiently indicated in the long title, 'Memoirs of a Contemporary; Being Reminiscences by Ida Saint-Elme, Adventuress, of her Acquaintance with Certain Makers of French History, and of her Opinions concerning Them. From 1790 to 1815.' The book is well made by Doubleday, Page & Co., and fittingly illustrated by portraits from contemporary prints. Ida Saint-Elme was married at twelve, forsook her husband for Gen. Moreau, had a lifelong infatuation for Ney, which did not prevent a multitude of transitory relations with the great personages of the Napoleonic circle, from Bonaparte down. She followed the wars—Italy, Austria, Russia, Waterloo—often in men's costume. Her extraordinary story must probably be accepted with all reserves, as history. Of the dissipation and frivolity of the Directorate and Empire it gives an intimate and probably a veracious portraiture. Mme. Saint-Elme seems to have had the virtues of her class at least. She is good-natured towards everybody, writes with vivacity, which Mr. Strachey has caught in his version, and at times is happy in portraiture. Extremes of worthless gossip and of good sense meet in every chapter.

Max Müller's name is now affixed to Dr. George P. Upton's translation of his 'Memories: A Story of German Love' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), which first appeared in 1874. Even at that date the texture of this idyll seemed a century old to any Anglo-Saxon mind, but for the occasional quotation from a contemporary English poet. But part of its charm lay in this, as Blanche Ostertag has felt in designing her full-page illustrations and embellishments. These are quaintly in keeping with the sentiment of the simple narrative, and will support, if they do not justify, this new and pretty edition.

The general admiration for Bishop Whipple's character and humanitarian work doubtless justifies a reprint of his 'Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate' (Macmillan). This autobiography, undertaken against his own feeling on the urgency of some of his colleagues and many others, first appeared in 1899. Lengthy as it is, the style is plain and curt, giving facts rather than comments, and the record "most unconventional and incomplete"; yet the two chief traits of the man, decision and devotion, stand out on every page. Incidentally, some wise sayings of older divines are cited, as when a man professed belief in the Apostles' Creed, but was not sure he interpreted it exactly as his questioner did, and was answered: "The Church has not bidden you to accept Bishop Hobart's interpretation"; and when a young preacher, thinking he might "well feel flattered that so great a crowd came to hear" his sermon, was told: "No, for twice as many would have come to see you hanged."

Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's 'Fragments in Philosophy and Science' (Scribners) are some of them decidedly small, and with one exception (a paper on the psychology of religion) all of them reprinted from a variety of reviews and periodicals in which they appeared at dates ranging from 1887 to 1902. The contents of this volume are consequently very various, and, though they testify to the wide range of Professor Baldwin's interests, it is not easy to discover any central topic or doctrine round which they naturally group themselves. Nor does the preface yield any light; it contains only a notable suggestion (which, however, is hardly borne out by anything that follows), that æsthetic appreciation of the universe is the final form of the philosophic impulse, and a dubious use of the term Naturalism, as equivalent to the study of Nature, which one would hardly have expected from the editor of a dictionary of philosophical terminology. The articles themselves are reprinted with practically no alterations, and, as they are not infrequently polemical, the effect on the reader is somewhat disconcerting when he discovers, for instance, in the "postscript" to a vigorous criticism of Professor James's theory of emotion, that the author criticised has since written an article which entirely removed the whole ground for controversy, and that all this happened eight years ago. On the whole, therefore, it may be said that, while Professor Baldwin and his pupils may no doubt find this volume a convenience and be glad to have his minor writings in an accessible form, it is best regarded as a sort of appendix to the more systematic writings which he is producing at no mean rate.

'Walter Crane,' by Otto von Schleinitz, is the latest addition to the "Künstler Monographien" (Leipsic: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The book, like its fellows in this series, is fully illustrated, and its one hundred and forty illustrations give a very good idea of Mr. Crane's various activities as industrial designer, sculptor, mural painter, and book illustrator. Since he is generally known only in the latter capacity, the book is a real addition to our knowledge of his graceful art.

'Famous Paintings as Seen and Described by Famous Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is another of the compilations which Miss Esther Singleton has put forth under similar titles, and, between its glittering covers, it has most of the faults of which such a compilation is capable. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton, which was "as bad as bad could be; ill fed, ill killed, ill kept, and ill drest." The selections are poorly made, most of them being of the most gushing and frothy kind, and two of them not even dealing with the pictures which accompany them; those from foreign authors are badly translated and all are badly printed, errors typographical and other abounding; there are no references to the works from which the extracts are made, and only the vague indications "Paris" or "London" to show the whereabouts of the paintings discussed. There are, however, plenty of pretty pictures, and the book will serve its purpose, which is, evidently, to lie upon the parlor table.

A little book which ought to awaken much interest among lovers of poetry is 'Marie Eugenie delle Grazie als Dichterin und Denkerin,' by Bernhard Münz (Vienna: Braumüller). This gifted woman publish-

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ed her first volume of poems when she was only seventeen years old—a volume which met with a very cordial reception, and which passed to a third edition; she is still of such an age that much good work may yet be expected from her pen. Moriz Benedict, writing on the subject of the drama in the *Deutsche Revue*, speaks of her 'Schlagende Wetter' as a work of Shaksperean penetration and mastery, and considers that so deep an insight into the nature of the tragic, and so vivid a presentation of it, is not too often to be found in the literature of the world. Delle Grazie is a leader in the school of the "ganz modern" in Germany, in *Weltanschauung* as well as in poetry; at the same time grace and charm are the marked characteristics of all that she writes—*Nomen est omen*, says her present biographer. More detailed criticism of this new poet may be found, among other places, in Volkelt's 'Aesthetik des Tragischen' (1897), Breitner-Rabenlechner's "Literaturbilder fin de siècle' (1898), and Leimbach's 'Die deutschen Dichter der Neuzeit und Gegenwart' (1899).

The magnificently illustrated edition of Dante, planned by the house of the Brothers Alinari, of Florence, under the editorship of Vittorio Alinari, is proving a disappointment to many. Only the "Inferno" has as yet appeared, in a folio volume of 140 pages, with 137 mostly full-page illustrations, at a very reasonable price. These illustrations are the prize contributions of thirty-one Italian artists, and differ vastly in artistic value. The work accordingly lacks unity of character, and for this and other reasons the German artist Ludwig Volkmann, in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (*Beilage* 184), declares the edition is really love's labor lost, and the ideal illustration of Dante still a thing of the future.

In the twenty-fourth annual report of the Providence Public Library, by Mr. W. E. Foster, special interest attaches to what is said of the collection known as the Industrial Library, of which large use is made in the evening, and which will certainly tend in time to increase the value of the industrial products of the city through the growing intelligence of the workmen. There are also seven collections of books for the foreign residents of the city, including Yiddish and Armenian. The whole number of volumes is nearly 100,000, of which 6,819 were added during the year. An indication of the prevailing trend of thought at the present time is to be found in the fact that the growth of the collection of books on Social and Political Science was greater than that of any other subject.

The *International Monthly*, with the change of a word and the assumption of a more dignified form, becomes the *International Quarterly*. With a considerable increase in bulk and the extension of its period, the present number betrays no change in policy. "Cicero: An Interview," by Professor Tyrrell of Dublin, is a thoroughly delightful apology for the great egotist, and perhaps the most striking article of the number. Space does not permit of further enumeration, but attention may be called to the prefixed biographical notes on the contributors, and to the apparently justifiable claim that "the change . . . to quarterly form broadens the scope of this journal, and increases its value and attractiveness."

The intimate relation of geography to history and religion is admirably shown in the article on Asia Minor by Prof. W. M. Ramsay in the *Geographical Journal* for September. The great central plateau, with its northern and southern mountain barriers, was a bridge across which practically all the traffic between the two continents of Europe and Asia for countless ages passed. Here, on this meeting-ground of great peoples, coinage was invented and trade was organized through caravans and bazaars. The Arab tried many times unsuccessfully to overcome the natural defence of the Taurus, and the Turk finally established himself only by the nomadization of the people, by the destruction of the bonds which held society together. In the same number of the *Journal* Dr. Sven Hedin sketches his three years' exploration in Central Asia, which has yielded results, to use his own words, "three times as rich as those of the former journey, and in the course of it I have been enabled to lift the veil which for a thousand years had hidden vast stretches of the mountainous and desert regions of the heart of Asia. My cartographical material extends to no less than 1,149 sheets," to construct a map from which "will require at least three years. . . . I took also over 2,000 photographs."

The principal contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number six, are an account of Martinique and a description of the physical formation of a region in Upper Austria. Information is given of the work of the Swedish Antarctic expedition from letters of Dr. O. Nordenskjöld, and there is a report of P. K. Koslow's explorations in Central Asia. The location, equipment, and work of the nearly fifty stations in Germany for observing earthquakes is the principal feature of number seven, which besides contains Dr. S. Hedin's summary of his work and an account of the distribution and amount of the annual rainfall in Bulgaria. Numerous facts and statistics, drawn mainly from Russian sources and the reports of the United States Weather Bureau, are given in number eight, confirmatory of a 35-year weather cycle, but not of a 55-year period. The veteran African traveller Dr. G. Schweinfurth contributes an appreciative notice of the English irrigation works on the Nile.

The Museum of Gizeh (henceforth to be called the Museum of Cairo, as these archæological treasures have recently been transferred from the Gizeh palace to the beautiful structure erected to receive them on the right bank of the Nile) is now issuing a comprehensive 'Catalogue des Antiquités Égyptiennes,' which will report on the complete contents of this collection. The fourth volume of the series has recently appeared, and others are to follow.

—An association of colleges and individuals interested in the movement by which women are entering upon the field of scientific activity, has found itself in a position to offer a second prize for the best piece of investigation carried out by a woman, although the first prize will not be definitely awarded until April, 1903. The amount of this prize, as of the former one, is $1,000; each thesis offered is to be accompanied by a sealed envelope enclosing the author's name and address, and superscribed with a title corresponding to the one borne by the manuscript, and applications are to be in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Institute of Technology, Boston, before December 31, 1904. The theses presented will be examined and passed upon by some of the most distinguished scientists of the country—among them Professor Chittenden of Yale, Professor Howell of Johns Hopkins, Professor Michelson of Chicago, Professor Wilson of Columbia, Professor Webster of Clark, and the new President of Johns Hopkins, Professor Remsen. A promising number of theses is already in the hands of the Committee for the first prize, and the second will no doubt awaken equal interest among the women who are occupying themselves with the subjects covered. When one thinks of the immense inducement in the way of professorships, docentships, and travelling scholarships which are offered to young men to put their learning to use in original investigation, one may well be glad that young women are to have, for the moment, this modest spur to continued activity.

—One would hardly have suspected the "Easy Chair" of concealing a masked battery, but its military character is emphatically developed in the October *Harper's*. It is the present-day popular novelist, of course, upon whom its guns are trained. The novel of to-day is not merely worthless—not the patent nostrum which may not cure, but at least does not kill. Rather it is the drug which will dye the hair a beautiful color and leave a twitching palsy, or drive out the neuralgia and implant a potential insanity in its place. Our English friends, kindlier now towards American literature than ever before, cannot be too earnestly warned that our novels are almost wholly worthless, and utterly un-American in spirit. While they are turning to us for Democratic examples and incentives, we are occupying ourselves with feudalistic ideals and aristocratic prejudices. Is it not just possible that the reading public takes its historical novel less seriously than Mr. Howells seems to suppose? The enjoyment of an exciting story, with its lords and ladies, its unrealities and impossibilities, is hardly enough to prove that the reader is at heart enamored of the undemocratic and unnatural life therein portrayed. The historical novelist may be as crude and unreal and un-American as you please, but as a relief from the here and the now he may have a valuable function to perform, after all. Mary Stuart Boyd contributes to the same issue some extracts from private letters and conversations of Bret Harte, illustrating, among other things, his retention of his patriotism, notwithstanding his long residence in England. Dr. Ely gives a very favorable account of the body of religious communists living at Amana, Iowa, but doubts whether their organization can stand the tremendous disintegrating effect of American democracy, which is bearing in upon them more and more with the increase of surrounding population and the growing facility of communication with outsiders.

—Professor Wyckoff, in the October *Scribner's*, again insists upon the prosperity of Great Britain—a prosperity perhaps

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never before equalled in her history, regardless of pessimistic utterances about her decline by persons who have an axe to grind. Though the United States has gained more rapidly, for some years past, the prosperity of Great Britain is real and is well attested by the most substantial proofs, such as the growth of the income-tax assessment, the Clearing-house reports, the paid-up capital of stock companies, the tonnage of shipping, the volume of business done in cotton, coal, and iron, the deposits of savings-banks, the capital of co-operative societies, the funds of trades-unions, etc. The most interesting part of Mr. Wyckoff's article, however, is his description of the overcrowding of the London poor, and of the successful, though limited, attempts at relief by such self-supporting institutions as the Rowton Houses and Guinness Houses. With the proof that healthful and comfortable lodging can be provided for laborers at sixpence per night, and other necessaries of life in proportion, with an annual dividend of 5 per cent. on the capital invested, it would seem that the work of amelioration must make rapid progress. Mr. Sturgis contributes a paper on the work of J. Q. A. Ward, whom he presents as the first of American sculptors in "constructional, expressional, and harmonized design in the placing and grouping of human figures." In the "Point of View" we have some very pertinent suggestions as to the danger which lurks in the growing habit of depending upon the gifts of men of great wealth for our city parks, fountains, libraries, and similar conveniences. A town or city may become a chronic beggar, just as an individual, and the moral deterioration which we admit to be the result of beggary in the unit, we must expect to find under similar conditions in the mass.

—Prof. Ira N. Hollis, in the *Atlantic*, effectively clears away some of the fog which interested parties have conjured up over the field of intercollegiate athletics. It does not stand to reason, he says, that a student participating in these sports can do as much work as one who devotes his whole time to study. The six weeks of the football season are practically thrown away, so far as class-room work is concerned. The members of the team may be obliged to attend lectures, but their minds are upon the signals and plays of the coming games. In answer to the question whether the athletes gain anything that compensates for this loss of time, Professor Hollis can only say that *many* do. He asserts roundly that winning is put above everything else at present, but hopes that this may prove a temporary evil, and that the games may finally be made to build up character, and teach patience, grit, and courage. Under present rules, he expresses serious doubt whether football ought to have any place on college grounds. He recognizes the tendency of intercollegiate games to confine athletic sport to the few, and considers it difficult to make out a clear case for them as a stimulus to outdoor sports. There can be no healthful condition without more competition in each individual college. Edward Atkinson contributes a vigorous defence of "commercialism," as against militarism, and denounces rather vigorously the assaults of the pulpit and the press upon the former. The reader may question, however, whether he is not fighting men of straw. It is not commerce itself that is denounced. No one of any consequence denies that the world's needs must be supplied in this way, or criticises the man whom he supposes to be trying honestly to supply these needs, and to reap a legitimate profit in the process. It is the greed which is unwilling to be bound down to honorable methods, which will create artificial means of extorting enormous profits, which sinks every other consideration in favor of the one desire for gain, that meets with denunciation. As this is not the commercialism which Mr. Atkinson defines and upholds, the issue does not seem to have been fairly joined. Harriet Waters Preston studies from an interesting point of view what she calls the great trilogy of George Meredith, 'One of Our Conquerors,' 'Lord Ormont and his Aminta,' and 'The Amazing Marriage.' The point is that in these three novels the author reveals himself as the gallant champion of what he regards as the sacred and inviolable rights of woman.

—The great 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ' is making progress, though but slowly. Four parts of the first and three of the second volume have now reached this country, where each fascicle is received by the Latin scholar with the welcome that his English brother accords to a fresh section of the Oxford Dictionary. We wonder how many are profiting by the opportunity to secure this work at a comparatively slight expenditure while it is coming out in parts. The merest glance over one of them is enough to suggest how indispensable the whole will be, but a brief comparison between the fourth fascicle of the first volume (*adiunctor to Aegeus*) and the corresponding portion of the best Latin-English lexicon now in use will set the point beyond doubt. There are about 250 lemmata (omitting mere cross-references) in this part of Lewis and Short's work; in the Thesaurus there are about 450 (allowing for a few differences of arrangement). Of the two hundred additional lemmata in the latter, over a hundred are proper nouns, about thirty are drawn from the glossographers alone, and the remaining sixty or so come chiefly from such writers as Diomede, Firmicus, St. Jerome, Irenæus, Fulgentius, Cassiodorus, Boethius, and others of similar periods and character. We have observed only four newly booked words which are drawn from the authors more familiar to the classical student. These are *adolescere* (from *adolere*) occurring in the Georgics, in a passage cited in our Lexicon under the other *adolescere*; *adnarrare*, from Statius; *adunco*, from Paulus's epitome of Festus; and the doubtful *adversabilis*, used perhaps by Accius.

—But if anybody thinks that the gains are to be only or mainly in the field of late Latin, let him examine the treatment of some familiar word and he will soon find out how mistaken such a view would be. Take, for instance, *aedes;* in the Lexicon the treatment of it occupies eighty-two lines; in the Thesaurus, 724 lines. In the former its usage is illustrated quite insufficiently and from only fifteen authors. It is true that these are well chosen, but even such writers as Lucretius, Ovid, Tacitus, Martial, and the younger Pliny do not figure among them. In the Thesaurus the state of things is very different; it is not easy to think of an author who is not cited, from the first occurrence of the word in Livius Andronicus down to the latest times. The article begins with the usual brief etymological note, by Thalheim, in which he adopts the view of Georg Curtius (not approved by our Lexicon) that *aedes* originally meant 'hearth.' A rich collection of passages follows, illustrating the usage of the two forms of the nominative singular *aedes* or *aedis*, and the nominative plural *aedis*, with a warning against the confusion of *aedes* and *sedes*, so common in manuscripts. Then comes the main body of the article, divided into two chief parts. The first illustrates the meaning 'house,' 'room.' For the singular number in either sense only Curtius, Ammianus, and Paulus can be cited, the Plautine passage in our Lexicon being now taken as a nominative plural. Many examples are given of the plural in this sense, but there is no subhead to indicate that it may mean 'houses' as well as 'house,' though this may be gathered after considerable groping through solid lines of all too similar type. It is strange that Vitruvius 6, 5, 2, is not cited, for this is the only passage in which that author, who is extremely careful in distinguishing *templum* and *aedes*, employs the latter, either as singular or plural, of any but a sacred building, except in the phrase *cava aedium*. The first part of the article closes with the citation of a few passages from poetry in which the word is used of metaphorical houses, as, for example, of the dwellings of the dead. The second part, on *aedes* denoting a 'sacred building,' opens with an excellent note of some forty lines on the topic, with an explanation of the difference between *aedes* and *templum*, and remarks on the adjectives which are used with *aedes* in this sense. Both here and throughout the whole article, useful references are given to modern books, including even Wissowa's recent work on the Roman religion. This last reference shows how truly up to date the Thesaurus is.

—The English-German part of Schröer's Grieb's Dictionary (H. Frowde) has already been noticed by us. The German-English volume is now to hand. Its arrangement is on the ordinary German method, but the umlaut is not allowed to disturb the alphabetic vowel order. Pretence to "completeness" is expressly disavowed, and a reasonable fulness and freshness alone aimed at. In orthography, silent *h* in *th* is ignored, in accordance with recent changes towards simplification (as, *Rat* for *Rath*, *Not* for *Noth*, *atmen* for *athmen*), but it would have been useful to couple the old form with the new for the sake of foreigners reading in the old orthography. On the subject of phonetics, the editor envies the English their standard pronunciation, through the gradual supersession by London of provincial and dialectal peculiarities. Berlin, he declares, is now approaching the same domination, but its authority will long be disputed. Some hope of a provincial propaganda he sees in the movement to erect a uniform stage standard of pronunciation. Amid the prevailing differences, the pronunciation is generally left unmarked in this work, reference being made to an exposition of values in the preface. In the case of interlopers like *Interview*, indication becomes necessary. Here, as also with *interviewen* and *Interviewer*, the English pronunciation has been adopted; whereas with *Tramway* the *w* sound is replaced by *v*. Both this substantive and *Tram* form their plural in *s*; and compounds, *Trambahn*,

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Tramwagen, have been readily formed. The Teutonic revolt against *Telephon* has produced *Fernsprecher*, with four associate terms, one of which, *Fernsprechanschluss* ('telephonic connection'), compares most unfavorably with the glib *Telephonleitung*, its synonym. There appears to be no verb *fernsprechen* to displace *telephonieren*, and no adjective to compete with *telephonisch*. The same poverty of development is observable in *Fernschreiber* as compared with *Telegraph*. We have *Fernschrift* only, and again no *fernschreiben*. This dictionary is a very desirable addition to the resources of English-speaking students.

THE MASTER-PAINTER OF HAARLEM.

Frans Hals. By Gerard S. Davies, M.A., of Charterhouse. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1902.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons seem to have almost a monopoly of the publication of serious works, in English, on the fine arts, and it is therefore quite natural that from their house should come the latest important book, and, so far as we know, the only such in our language, on Frans Hals. To mention material things first, the volume measures about 11½ by 8¼ inches and contains 157 pages, besides 18 pages of preliminaries, and 55 illustrations, of which 12 are photogravure plates and the others well-executed half-tones. The half-tone plates, like the photogravures, are inserted, there being no text illustrations, and the heavily glazed paper necessary for their proper effect is confined strictly to this purpose, the text being handsomely printed by the Chiswick Press, on good stout paper with a slight rib. Besides a table of contents and a list of illustrations, there are an "approximate chronology of the chief known events of the life of Frans Hals," an "approximate chronological list of the most important pictures" of the artist, a bibliography, a list of works arranged according to the galleries in which they are hung, a list of pictures attributed to Hals which have appeared at the Burlington House exhibitions since 1871, a list of prices obtained at various sales in the last century and a half, and an index. These various lists and tables can hardly be without some errors and omissions (the two good pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, for instance, are not noticed), but they have evidently been compiled with care and are of great value. Finally, the book is well and simply bound in dull green buckram with vellum back, and lies flat when opened. In almost all particulars it is a model of how to do it.

After all this it may seem like saying a good deal to affirm that the text proper is as good as everything else, but it is not saying too much. Clear, careful, thoughtful, critical, and sound; intelligent in method, cautious in conjecture, incredulous of legend; hearty in admiration of its hero's qualities, yet clearly conscious of his limitations; above all, devoid of padding and of "eloquence"—this is as nearly exemplary writing on art as one often sees. The judicious reader will find himself almost always in accord with Mr. Davies's conclusions, and, if he is obliged to differ with him, will do so with great caution and with profound respect.

If we limit the meaning of the word strictly enough, there can be no doubt that Frans Hals of Haarlem was one of the greatest *painters* that ever lived. For sheer accuracy of vision and brilliancy of execution, he has had no superior, and perhaps no equal but Velazquez; yet his fame is singularly modern. He seems to have had a pretty high local reputation at one period of his career, but he died a pauper and was rapidly forgotten. In 1786 one of his pictures sold for five shillings, and, as late as 1852, the life-size, full-length portrait of himself and his wife, now in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, fetched no more than £50. Thirteen years afterward, "The Laughing Cavalier" was sold for £2,040, and in this present year a "Portrait of a Gentleman" has reached the sum of £3,780. What one of the great Doclen pictures, which in the eighteenth century were rolled up and stored in garret and cellar, would be worth to-day, if it came upon the market, it is difficult to guess. Of course it was the painters who rediscovered Hals. Reynolds seems to have owned one of his portraits, and Northcote, Reynolds's pupil, speaks of it in words that might have been written yesterday. About the middle of the nineteenth century Hals became a living influence among the painters, and upon his art and that of Velazquez the schools of Manet and Whistler, with their divers issues, were largely based. Then came Fromentin's "Maîtres d'Autrefois," and another painter, in some pages of brilliant writing, revealed to the world what his fellows already knew. The long eclipse of a reputation was over, and the name of Frans Hals shone forth with a glory which is not likely again to be dimmed. To-day it is more necessary to distinguish than to praise; more important to show what the painter of Haarlem was not, than to demonstrate what he was; more difficult to guard against the possible evils of an overwhelming influence than to recognize the good it has accomplished.

Unfortunately for us, during the long neglect of Hals and his works, most of the facts of his life and a great part of his production were allowed to disappear. There are great gaps in the chronology of his pictures, some of which have been partially filled of late years, but which still remain puzzling in the extreme. His astonishing technical facility shows that his work was produced with great rapidity, while this same facility could have been maintained only by constant practice. There should be scores of canvases, big and little, for every year of his working life, yet there is more than one period of five or six years to which no known work can with probability be assigned. Above all, there is nothing known to exist that can with propriety be called an early work. He is now supposed, on slender enough evidence, to have been born in 1580, though the date long accepted, on no discoverable evidence at all, is 1584. He was therefore either twenty-nine or thirty-three years old when his earliest known picture was painted, in 1613, and three years older when the next extant work was produced, the first of the great series of Doclen pictures at Haarlem. That he should have been given such a commission at all shows that he was already a master of considerable local reputation; the picture itself shows even more clearly that mastery had been attained. He is to do better work, but technical difficulties have already ceased to exist for him, and he can draw and paint anything he chooses. How did he learn? Who was his first master? What sort of partial successes and full successes put him in a position to be chosen for important work? We can only guess. Mr. Davies's conjecture that, during his young days in Antwerp, where he was born, Hals is likely to have studied with Rubens's master, Van Noort, seems plausible enough; but we know so little of Van Noort that, even if accepted, the conjecture does not greatly help us. It is put forth tentatively, and it is to be hoped that it will not, with the curious facility of such conjectures, get itself taken for fact by the next writer on the subject. Whoever was his first teacher, Hals must have done a deal of work between the ages of twenty and thirty, and it is a pity that some of it has not survived for the edification of the student of to-day, who is inclined to begin where the master left off. We have the early paintings of Velazquez, and know through what hard, precise, "tight" work he trained the eye and hand that are later so surprising in their sureness and facility. Mastery has never been otherwise attained, and it is a safe prediction that if any of the work of Hals during this first decade shall be recovered and identified, it will be found admirable, no doubt, but otherwise admirable than the things we know.

The work that Frans Hals did between his thirty-fifth and fifty-fifth years—the period of full maturity — is pretty well known to us. A good deal of it must, indeed, have disappeared, but what is left is so all of a piece—the development is so normal and regular and the visible change so slight—that it is not probable that the lost works would, if recoverable, materially alter our conception of the painter. Such as he was at the beginning of this period, he was at the end of it. There is to be noted only a gradual increase of power, a slight broadening of vision, a growing looseness and lightness of touch. One of the notable things about this output is its limitation of subject. Mr. Davies gives a curious list of the things Hals did not paint; what it comes to is just this: he painted nothing but portraits. He only occasionally introduced a landscape background, and then in a thoroughly conventional and perfunctory manner. He never painted a horse and hardly ever a dog. He painted no "subject pictures." We can think of no other painter in the whole history of art whose effort was so strictly limited in its direction, and this narrowness grew upon him and is even more marked after 1640 than before that date. In his later years his figures rarely have any visible surroundings of any sort. In artistic qualities, also, he was as limited as in range of subject. He had only a rudimentary sense of composition: light and shade is, for the most part, interesting to him only as a means of drawing. His color is sometimes pleasing and surprisingly well harmonized, considering the particolored costumes he painted and the directness of his method, but he was hardly a colorist. His growing tendency to the use of black shadows in flesh would, alone, show an indifference to color. He was a painter of likenesses—a portraitist, pure and simple.

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But if Hals was only a portrait painter, was he not one of the greatest of portrait painters? Yes and no. Northcote, in the passage already referred to, says, "For truth of character . . . he was the greatest painter that ever existed"; and adds, "If I had wanted *an exact likeness* I should have preferred Frans Hals" to Titian. The exact likeness was what he was after. He had little sense of beauty. He was capable of some gravity and dignity, but beside Velazquez he is common. He was a great student of expression, but, compared with Rembrandt's intensity of life, his figures grimace. There is rarely anything subtle about him, and never anything poetic; he saw with admirable clearness and rendered with wonderful accuracy just what every one may see. He was, as nearly as possible, the absolute realist.

No artist ever lived, however, who had not an ideal. With Hals, as with many a literary realist, that ideal is to be found in his style—his personal manner of expression. What he says is obvious enough, but the way in which he says it is inimitable. He is an almost unapproachable master of the language of painting. Pure art is always an arrangement of something, notes or forms or colors or words; what Hals arranged was brush-strokes, and his mere handling becomes a contribution to the æsthetic pleasures of the world. He was a master stylist, and the greatest virtues of style, in painting as in writing, are, after all, clarity and precision. We are apt to be carried away by his ease, his rapidity, his brilliancy and crispness of touch, and to imagine that these are his great qualities; but any one can be rapid and easy—what is truly amazing with Hals, in his prime, is his certainty. What astounds is not that the touch is instantaneous and slashing, but that each of these instantaneous slashes is infallibly in exactly the right place, and of exactly the right shape to express the form and texture of the thing he would render. What we call painting, in the narrower sense, is, after all, the expression of form with the brush, and Hals was an almost impeccable draughtsman. His sense of form is not delicate, but, except for an occasional tendency to elongate the forearm, it is unerring. Whoever would imitate him must begin with acquiring his mastery of drawing. His characteristic combination of rather commonplace vision with extraordinary powers of execution finds, perhaps, its highest exemplification in the "St. Adriaen's Shooting Guild" of 1633, though there are many examples of it nearly as wonderful.

Somewhere about 1635 a new element seems to enter into Hals's work. His tone becomes graver, his color somewhat warmer, his light and shade more suffused, his interest in the rendering of objects more subordinated to the study of atmosphere. In a word, his art becomes more Rembrandtesque, and it has long been thought that, during this period, he came under the influence of the master, more than twenty years his junior, who was painting, only thirteen miles away, at Amsterdam. Mr. Davies is somewhat skeptical as to the existence of this influence, and the question is worth examination. Fromentin first called attention to the resemblance of Hals's picture of "The Regents of St. Elisabeth's Hospital" (1641) to Rembrandt's "Syndics." Mr. Davies points out that this resemblance is purely superficial, consisting mainly of the likeness in number of figures, arrangement, costume, etc., and that, as Rembrandt's picture was painted twenty years later than Hals's, these things, if they prove anything, prove rather that the younger master was indebted to the elder than the reverse. He points out, also, that during the years from 1635 to (say) 1643, during which the Rembrandt influence is supposed to have existed, Hals produced many pictures which show no trace of this influence. This is undeniably true, but is not surprising. Many of the accepted dates of Hals's pictures are conjectural, but the "St. Joris's Shooting Company" is certainly of 1639, and shows no Rembrandtesque qualities. On the other hand, it is one of the poorest of the series of corporation pictures, and might be thought to show that Hals, even when not experimenting in his new manner, was losing interest in his old. Other work of this time, like "The Merry Toper," is of the nature of brilliant sketching, and may be supposed to have been done as a relaxation—a playing with that of which he was sure between serious efforts at that which was harder for him. Two portraits at Frankfort (said to be of 1638) are dismissed by Mr. Davies as too much restored to be fair tests. The "Maria Voogt" of 1639 he considers to be like Rembrandt mainly in externals of costume and so forth. The "Old Lady" of the Bridgewater Gallery (1640), of which he gives no reproduction, he admits to be very like Rembrandt, saying that, if it be indisputably genuine, "I can see no escape from the admission that we have here Hals experimenting in the style of Rembrandt, and carrying his experiment to the length of scarcely disguised imitation." In all the other pictures he sees no more than a growth of Hals's sense of atmosphere, which he thinks requires to be accounted for by no outside influence. He does not mention at all a portrait of "Feyntje van Steenkiste" in the Rijks Museum (undated in the list of illustrations, but labelled 1635 under the plate itself), which, judging from the reproduction alone, is the most Rembrandtesque thing included in the volume.

It is evident, from the dates alone, that we must leave Rembrandt's later work out of the count in considering his possible influence upon Hals. Indeed, after 1640, Rembrandt ceased to influence anybody, even his own pupils. It is not the Rembrandt of the "Syndics," but rather the Rembrandt of the "Anatomy Lesson" that must be reckoned with; the relatively grayer, smoother painter, then at the height of popularity. Hals was, as a mere technician, the superior, and would not be likely to change his handling; the influence that Rembrandt would have would be precisely in that "growth of the sense of atmosphere" which was his gift to the whole Dutch school. It is incredible that such a genius as Rembrandt should not have influenced any painter living within thirteen miles of him. The wonder is—and it is a proof of Hals's powerful individuality—that the influence was not more marked and more dominant than it appears to have been. In our view, it began about 1634 or 1635, reached its height, perhaps, with the Bridgewater portrait, and was already declining when the "Regents" was painted in 1641. In that picture there are sharp, pure blacks in the flesh-shadows which are unlike anything in Rembrandt, and which become characteristic of Hals in his later works.

During this Rembrandtesque period, Hals produced his noblest pictures—those which are nearest to being great works of art as well as great pieces of painting. After that period his technical powers begin to decline. He was more than sixty years old, and, if he had in reality been the drunkard he has been called, it is incredible that he should have held them so long. After 1641 his works become few and far between, but a picture here and there helps to bridge the gap that formerly existed between the great canvas of that year and the last efforts of his genius, the two Regent pictures of 1664. In these rare works positive color tends more and more to disappear, the palette is reduced to its lowest terms, blackness invades everything. The handling is still free—freer than ever—but it gradually ceases to be precise. What we call tone is taking the place of color, and form is giving way to suggestion. From failure of eye, the heads tend to grow larger than life; from failure of hand, the touch becomes loose and fumbling. He is no longer capable of the marvels of rendering of his younger days, but the acquired knowledge of a lifetime is still there. The language stumbles, but it is a master who speaks. In the last picture of all, painted by an old man dependent upon poor-rates, who was at least eighty and may have been eighty-four years of age, there is a certain largeness of vision, a certain way of seeing things by their great relations, which marks him, more than ever, the artist. In the male group, especially, the drawing has gone all to pieces, and even the sense of resemblance is no longer convincing; but the feeling of tone and of unity of effect has become so great that there are not wanting artists to proclaim it, everything considered, his finest work. Two years later he died in the "old man's home" of which these, his latest sitters, were governors.

From all that has gone before, it is not difficult to divine where, in the hierarchy of painters, Frans Hals belongs. His range is too limited, his sense of beauty too restricted, his intellectual value too slight, to allow us to place him among the great ones of the earth. Not only can he not be placed, with Michelangelo and Rembrandt, among the poets, but his prose is far less various and elevated than that of Velazquez. For clearness and vigor of statement, for "truth of character" and "exact likeness," he has no superior, and the language of painting, as applied to the enunciation of fairly obvious truths, has no greater master. Somewhere below the baker's dozen of the very greatest, but on a pedestal of his own, he will stand for ever in the temple of fame.

RECENT POETRY.

The alleged enthusiasm in the United States regarding the English King's coronation was visibly checked by two circumstances—its postponement, and the pithy remark attributed to ex-Speaker Reed, that the event did not quite seem like a piece of real life. The same drawback attaches to the poetry called forth by it, of which the

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two most interesting memorials, no doubt, are the two odes respectively of William Watson, a British subject, and Bliss Carman, who may be classed as a semi-subject of the same great empire, he being a native of New Brunswick, and by choice and long habit a resident of the American Union. In reading Mr. Watson's 'Ode' (Lane) one feels at first rather apprehensive of that merely conventional glorification of the British Empire to which the rest of the globe is rather forgetting to respond. As, however, the reader dwells for a space upon this thought, he is caught in admiration by the rise of tone and appeal in the last canto. There the true quality, never wanting in Watson, shows itself in a strain of stately warning such as we must go back to Gray's "Bard" to parallel; and yet it is not a shriek of passion, but a warning given in caution and in surpassing love. Thus it proceeds (p. 31):

"O doom of overlordships! to decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all;
Or perish of much cumber and array,
The burdening robe of empire, and its pall;
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;
Or, from insensate height,
With prodigies, with light
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night
Magnificently fall.
Far off from her that bore us be such fate!

For now the day is unto them that know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch
Of the hour, and overmuch
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and port that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering all
The hates that watch and crawl.
Nor must she, like the others, yield up yet
The generous dreams! but rather live to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That, greatly loving freedom, loved to free,
And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace."

Those who feared in Mr. Carman's coronation 'Ode' (Boston: Page) anything petty or apologetic in behalf of those of British birth who have cast in their lot with the United States of America, will be agreeably disappointed. The ode itself is too long, but nowhere ignoble; it has the ring and swing which we have learned to expect from Mr. Carman, but has neither the complexity nor the brag which Kipling might have taught him. The King to whom he does honor is the people's king, and the vast congeries of nations and semi-nations whose chant he brings is made up of loyal citizens, not subjects; who shall recognize England, filially, but not in any serfdom, as their "Little Mother" (p. 32):

"And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream
grows bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon
might;
The Republic, fair, alone;
The Commonwealth, new-grown,
The proud, reserved Dominion, with a story of her
own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail,
war and blight."

These are, as we understand it, the American republic, or United States of America, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of Canada, and the reformed and reorganized Great Britain, not yet a democracy. Many have tried their hands at forecasting the great English-speaking world of the future, but no one seems to have hit it nearer than Mr. Carman, and he goes on nobly, thus (p. 29):

"Oh, doubt not, wrong, oppression and violence and
tears,
The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,
Must pass and leave a mind
More sane, a soul more kind,
As the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,
When over lust and carnage the great white peace
appears.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of
Peace
To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims
cease;
Not as invaders come
With gun-wheel and with drum,
But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home
Through the scented summer twilight, when the
spirit has release.

. . . . . .

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern
tide,
Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust,
and pride,
Very tenderly we turn
With welling hearts that yearn
Still to love you and defend you—let the sons of
men discern
Wherein your right and title, might and majesty,
reside."

It is a pleasure to see the comely volume in which the friends of the late Edward Rowland Sill have brought together his Poems. (Cambridge: Riverside Press). It will still remain doubtful, however, how far this continued reproduction of his works—as originally published in 1868, and then in 1883, 1887, and 1899—is the result of a wide demand or a scarcely less honorable tribute from a picked class of appreciative readers. It is to some extent the critic's duty to disregard both forms of recognition; he must rather seek to estimate anew the poet's real contributions to higher literature. On reading Sill's poems more carefully, he must certainly feel marked deficiencies in certain directions, as, for instance, in the dramatic and the lyrical. One title given to a poem is "Three Songs" (p. 200), but it must be admitted that there are not so many songs, properly so-called, in the whole three hundred pages of the book—that is, not so many as three pieces of verse which can be said to sing themselves. Again, there is an absence of the quality of humor, a defect which would not have suggested itself, perhaps, but for the presence of one or two poems, such as "Five Lives" (p. 49), and "Eve's Daughter" (p. 79), which obviously have aimed at that quality and failed. But when we ask for the serious, Wordsworthian style, we certainly have an abundance of it, and that very genuine, simple, and even profound. In a few cases this is so concentrated, and so musical in utterance as to have an unusual and delicate quality, as in the following (p. 298):

NIGHT AND PEACE.

Night in the woods—night:
Peace, peace on the plain.
The last red sunset beam
Belts the tall beech with gold;
The quiet kine are in the fold,
And stilly flows the stream.
Soon shall we see the stars again,
For one more day down to its rest has lain,
And all its cares have taken flight,
And all its doubt and pain.
Night in the woods—night:
Peace, peace on the plain.

There is, of course, much of those descriptions of California scenery and atmosphere, once so new and fascinating, but now grown more familiar. Of the two poems selected by the editors to show Sill's "fine strenuousness" and "noble temper" (p. xvii)—namely, "Opportunity" (p. 40) and "The Fool's Prayer" (p. 67)—we should agree with them as to the former, but not as to the latter. Though fine in its quality, it inevitably suggests a poem somewhat kindred in aim, "At the King's Gate," by Helen Jackson, which is so much finer and more suggestive that it blocks the way to fame of any other. The poem which we should select as really the most remarkable in the book, and showing the greatest combination both of imagination and of skill in measured words, is the following (p. 246):

THE DEAD LETTER.

The letter came at last. I carried it
To the deep woods unopened. All the trees
Were hushed, as if they waited what was writ,
And feared for me. Silent they let me sit
Among them; leaning breathless while I read.
And bending down above me where they stood.
A long way off I heard the delicate tread
Of the light-footed loiterer, the breeze,
Come walking toward me in the leafy wood.
I burned the page that brought me love and woe.
At first it writhed to feel the spires of flame.
Then lay quite still; and o'er each word there came
Its white ghost of the ash, and burning slow
Each said: "You cannot kill the spirit; know
That we shall haunt you, even till heart and brain
Lie as we lie in ashes—all in vain."

Two volumes lie before us, filled with verse that is worth more in essential value than a dozen average volumes of the merely introspective and sentimental. These books contain the raw material of poetry, or perhaps one might go farther, and describe it as poetic material in the first stage of fermentation. They describe in local dialect the two types of manhood most vigorous and vernacular in all the Atlantic States of this Union: the lumbermen of Maine and the fishermen of Gloucester. They are both recorded on the spot by hands which have had a certain amount of practice, even though the names of the rhymers be new to the cyclopædias of authors. The better of the two, because the more wholly straightforward and the remoter from Kipling, is 'Pine-Tree Ballads, Rhymed Stories of Unplaned Human Natur' Up in Maine,' by Holman F. Day (Small, Maynard & Co.). No one who has not watched, at least as a spectator, the rush and whirl of logging-time on a Maine river, can fully appreciate the courage that shows itself even in making the attempt to describe it in verse (p. 102):

WHEN THE ALLEGASH DRIVE GOES THROUGH.

We're spurred with the spikes in our soles;
There is water a-swash in our boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by peavies and poles,
And we're drenched with the spume of the chutes.
We gather our herds at the head
Where the axes have toppled them loose,
And down from the hills where the rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and spruce.

We hurroop them with the peavies from their sullen
beds of snow;
With the pickpole for a goadstick, down the brimming streams we go.
They are hitching, they are halting, and they lurk
and hide and dodge,
They sneak for skulking eddies, they bunt the
bank and lodge.
And we almost can imagine that they hear the yell
of saws
And the grunting of the grinders of the paper-mills
because
They loiter in the shallows and they cob-pile at
the falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle where the broad
deadwater crawls.
But we wallow in and welt 'em with the water to
our waist,
For the driving pitch is dropping and the Drouth
is gasping "Haste!"
Here a dam and there a jam, that is grabbed by
grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the ravening ledge that
slavers at our flocks;
Twenty a month for daring Death; for fighting
from dawn to dark—
Twenty and grub and a place to sleep in God's
great public park;
We roofless go, with the cook's bateau to follow
our hungry crew—
A billion of spruce and hell turned loose when
the Allegash drive goes through.

. . . . . .

The glory of the tumult where the tumbling torrent rolls
With half a hundred drivers riding through
with lunging poles.
Here's huzza for reckless chances! Here's hurrah
for those who ride
Through the jaws of boiling sluices, yeasty white
from side to side!
Our brawny fists are calloused, and we're mostly
holes and hair,
But if grit were golden bullion we'd have coin to
spend, and spare!

Here some rips and there the lips of a whirlpool's
bellowing mouth,
Death we clinch and Time we fight, for behind us
gasps the Drouth.
Twenty a month, bateau for a home, and only a
peep at town,
For our money is gone in a brace of nights after
the drive is down;
But with peavies and poles and care-free souls our
ragged and roofless crew
Swarms gayly along with whoop and song when
the Allegash drive goes through.

In 'Wharf and Fleet, Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester,' by Clarence Manning Felt (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), the au-

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thor attempts a little more, and, like Lowell in the 'Biglow Papers,' rather overspells his dialect. Yet perhaps this brings us nearer to the full stress of the game; and at any rate he puts on record lives of direct and simple courage, which steam and electricity may yet be destined to reduce to smaller proportions. The types of manhood in both these volumes are, moreover, shown in admirable illustrations, taken from original photographs. In this world of obscure heroism even the rigger becomes a hero—the man, namely, who puts the rigging of the mackerel fleet into complete order before the spring sailing; who hangs the sails, scrapes and slushes the masts, and so on, while his own life hangs literally by a thread. This is the way in which our poet views him (page 8):

TH' RIGGER.

"Yer may blow erbout th' cirkis, th' man on th' trapeeze,
Ye may pant yer breath erbout th' 'Humin Fly.'
But if yer want th' dizzy that will infant-like yer knees,
Let yer opticks quizz th' rigger, flyin' high.

"Oh, he's nuthin' in pertickler, er brave heart out on pay,
Oh, er feller that goes hus'lin' roun' with Time,
Jest er nervy that goes soarin' w'are th' gulls play tag all day,
An' th' shrouds ring all th' wind-bells chime on chime.

"With his kit erpon his back
An' er plenty give an' slack,
An' his fists er huggin' tight th' tackle's loop,
Ter th' gray blocks' creak an' crack
He will swing up lof' an' tack,
Oh, th' dizziest ole chickin in th' coop.

"On th' spring-stay, up th' ball,
Down th' jib-stay, roun' th' fall,
He will do each turn or ever miss'n ac',
Wile th' winds an' gulls will call
Like as if they hollered, 'Gall!
Jest look out, ole man, some day yer'll git th' sac!'

"But he'll anti all th' more,
An' will swing his legs galore,
An' go friskin' with th' winds as limp as eels,
W'ile th' gulls will farther soar,
Though maddened ter th' core
That er humin should so dare ter tag th' heels.

"But th' sight is sad ter me,
Oh, this darin' by th' sea,
This primpin' uv th' lingerie uv th' fleets,
Oh, this dev'lin wild an' free
In th' vast infinitee,
This tight'nin' uv th' black shroud's laddery cleats.

"Fer it w'ispers all th' more
Th' goin' ter leave th' shore,
Goin' ter deserlate th' h'arth an' cry th' home.—
Some ter come back laughin'-eyed
Ter th' kind ole harber tide;
Some ter be jest g'osts ferever in th' foam."

Book after book has shown that California nurtures more than its share of the poets of the future. The utter change of climate, scenery, poetic material may be at the foundation of the difference, but the fact is unquestionable. The latest poet to exhibit this is Christian Binkley, who prints 'Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days' (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson), and, like his townsman, Dr. Edward R. Taylor, tries his hand quite successfully at translating Heredia. It may perhaps be this charming Cuban poet who tempts California rhymers to become sonneteers on so unreasonably large a scale—Mr. Binkley, for instance, allows himself nearly a hundred: and his extreme reverence for Joaquin Miller hints at rather a dangerous guide and friend. But there is certainly a genuine feeling for nature made manifest in this book, and no one else has so delicately handled that curious and tempting theme for romance, the Closed Gentian. The verses are especially appropriate for this season (p. 129):

THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

"Awake, awake," the west-wind blew,
"The morning sun has smiled on you."

The autumn flowers heard the call
And laughed to see the dead leaves fall.

The aster's purple crown expands,
The daisies clap their little hands;
And all look up to greet the sun,
And all are fair and glad save one.

To her the west-wind comes in vain
With whisperings of sky and plain.

He sings, "Oh open, lids of blue,—
Open and bathe in light and dew.

"Thy regal sister's azure cup
Untwines to drink the sunshine up;

"Her wealth of calyx, fringe, and stem
She wears like queen her diadem.

"Like her unfold, and feel the breeze;
Oh wake, and hear the hum of bees,

"And with thy robe of blue unfurled,
Behold the sky and beauteous world."

She faintly hears, she longs and thrills
To see the wondrous sky and hills;

But fate is stern: the breeze is gone. . . .
She opened not and still dreamed on,

And all day long the butterfly
Beheld her closed and flitted by.

The tendency to exuberance and cheap tragical utterance which has been so long charged upon the poets of our Southern States—a more prolonged prevalence of the Byronic fever—finds full expression in the thin volume, 'The Freeman, and Other Poems,' by Ellen [Anderson Gholson] Glasgow. Some of the prose writings of this young author, especially some with a philanthropic aim, have shown so much more maturity of judgment as to make it a pity that her fifty pages of verse, full of flashes of power, should be almost wholly painful, even to ghastliness, and should seem to be mainly based on the theory attributed to the Deity at the close of one of the most tragic of them, "The Earth is Hell." For this reason we prefer to choose one of the briefest and certainly the calmest among them (p. 18):

COWARD MEMORY.

A street half flecked with shade and sun,
A last year's leaf along it blown,
A gray wall where green lichens run;
Like water falling on dry stone,
A robin's ripe notes dropping one by one.

Sad sun and shade and sadness over all
The distance blended into solemn hues,
On the warm air suspended as a pall
The sweetness dying violets diffuse,
While from a single tree the ashen elm-flowers fall.

At the street's sudden end a shining square,
The sunny threshold of an open door,
Thick with the dust of an untrodden stair
That leads beyond me to the upper floor—
Then memory halts—it dares not enter there.

If one were asked to name the American poet of this time who can be relied on for an even excellence of execution—the kind of evenness for which one looked to Longfellow—the choice would be likely to fall on Mr. Robert U. Johnson, co-editor of the *Century Magazine*. The volume before us called 'Poems' (Century Co.) is really the combination of three books, published within ten years—'Songs of Liberty,' 'The Winter Hour,' and a third part, appearing now for the first time, 'A Song of Liberty, and Other Poems.' Among these we should rank the old favorite, "A Winter Hour," as still the best; we should class it with Whittier's "Snow-Bound," limited only by being addressed more especially to a more cultivated audience and just missing the universal heart. For this fine poem we have no room, and, stopping short of winter, may well substitute, as yet more appropriate, a more timely song (p. 38):

OCTOBER.

Soft days whose silver moments keep
The constant promise of the morn,
When tired equinoctials sleep
And wintry winds are yet unborn:
What one of all the twelve more dear—
Thou truce and Sabbath of the year?

More restful art thou than the May,
And if less hope be in thy hand,
Some cares 't were grief to understand
Thou hid'st, as is the mother's way,
With mists and lights of fairyland
Set on the borders of the day.

And best of all thou dost beguile
With color—friendliest thought of God!
Than thine hath Heaven itself a smile
More rich? Are feet of angels shod
With peace more fair? O month divine!
Stay, till thy tranquil soul be mine.

The Standard Light Operas. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Musical Pastels. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A new volume in Mr. Upton's musical hand-book series will be welcomed by many who have been aided by his four books describing the text and the music of the most important grand operas, oratorios, cantatas, and symphonies. 'Light Operas' is not, strictly speaking, an accurate title, although it tallies with popular parlance in this country, which makes no distinction between operettas, real comic operas, "musical comedies," and other forms of entertainment ranging somewhere between grand opera and vaudeville. If he had chosen the word "operettas" for his title, the author would no doubt have given mortal offence to not a few composers, who, especially in America, seem to be as shy of that word as "sales-ladies" are of being called shop-girls. The inclusion of such genuine light operas as "Fra Diavolo," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Barber of Seville," "Hänsel and Gretel" would, moreover, have made that title inappropriate. Of Sullivan's charming operettas the entire list of ten is included; although some are not sung any more, a revival is sure to come, as it has already come in the case of Strauss, who is represented by four works. It is somewhat difficult to understand on what principle of selection the author included one of Sousa's operettas and four of De Koven's while entirely ignoring Victor Herbert, whose operettas are, both musically and in the matter of plot and fun, among the best of our time; they have enjoyed a great vogue here and in Germany. Nor is it obvious why "La Dame Blanche," "Stradella," "The Crown Diamonds," and "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen" are represented; all are well known, and the first named is a gem, but none of them are likely to be heard in our cities. As a matter of course less is said here about the music than in the volume on grand operas, as light music requires no analysis or commentary. The plots are what is chiefly wanted, and these are summed up concisely and clearly. We have noticed a few slips of the pen: Lortzing is disguised as Lörtzing, both in the table of contents and in the text, while Arthur Sullivan masquerades in the preface as Alexander Sullivan.

Mr. Upton has not confined his literary activity to the writing of handbooks. There is also a short monograph of his on 'Woman in Music,' which is doubtless a favorite in women's clubs; and now we have to add the 'Musical Pastels,' a collection of ten short essays, charmingly written and on subjects concerning which many music-lovers know just enough to make them anxious to know more. Mr. Upton discusses Nero, as an artist solely. Though a monster of vice and vanity, he had the courage and merit of seeking to popularize and secure honor for an art which the Romans considered fit for slaves only. In our day, not a few monarchs are lovers of music, or musicians themselves, and all the more liked therefor. But Nero "was execrated

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by the Romans, not so much for his vices as because he disgraced his sovereignty by practising the art of the actor and of the singer." Though his chief motive was personal vanity, he established a precedent and got his reward, for no fewer than ten modern composers, including Handel and Rubinstein, have paid him the highest musical tribute by celebrating his life in their operas.

Perhaps the oddest character in musical history is Thomas Britton, whom Hawkins refers to as having first begun to entertain the public in 1678. There had been musical entertainments in London before him, but they were mere tavern concerts, "in which the beer was bad and the music worse." He was the first who arranged high-class entertainments, and the odd thing about it was the fact that he should have been the man to do this. He was most emphatically what we call a "crank." Every day, from early manhood to his death, he walked the streets of London with a sack of coal on his back, soliciting customers. But in the evening his Grub Street garret, accessible only by means of a ladder-like staircase from the outside, was visited by the greatest poets, painters, and musicians of his time, as well as by many exalted members of the nobility. Handel was among those who climbed these stairs and played the harpsichord and organ for the guests. Mr. Upton has made good use of this quaint topic.

Another of his chapters is concerned with the same period in English history. The story of the astounding success of that dreadful musical hodge-podge, the "Beggars' Opera," which drove Handel's operas from the stage, shows that "fads" are not peculiar to our time. "Its songs were printed upon fans, and scenes from it were painted on screens, furniture, and bric-à-brac." It is hardly correct to say that the "Beggars' Opera," because it drove out Italian music for a time, "revolutionized the popular musical taste of England." Rather was it, as Dr. Arbuthnot said, "a touchstone to try British taste on." It proved effective in revealing the true national inclination; and ballad operas were for a long time not only the lowest but, unfortunately, also the highest specimens of operatic art in England. All ballads, except those set to music by such masters as Schubert and Loewe, are more interesting poetically than musically. Their melodies are usually stale and flat (though not unprofitable); but as poems they give most interesting glimpses of manners, tastes, and fashions. Mr. Upton's chapter headed "The Bullfinch and the Nightingale" illustrates this fact. It relates to two books of ballads and songs, one English, the other American, which he has in his library. His explanation of the difference between a song and a ballad is worth quoting: "The ballad always tells a story, and is sometimes sung; the song sometimes tells a story and is always sung." The remaining chapters in this entertaining volume are concerned with Music and Religion, The First Opera, The First American Opera, Some Musical Controversies, A Musical Royal Family, The Man Beethoven.

Immigration of Irish Quakers into Pennsylvania, 1682-1750. With their Early History in Ireland. By Albert C. Myers, M. L. Swarthmore, Pennsylvania: The Author. Pp. xxii, 477; 28 full-page and 32 minor illustrations, bibliography and index.

The doctrines of Quakerism found ready acceptance among the Cromwellian settlers and their descendants in Ireland. It has been calculated that at one period there were upwards of 40,000 members of the sect—chiefly belonging to the yeomen or trading class—in the country. They occupied farms in the best parts of the country. At a later period, Arthur Young reports its being said of them, "The Quakers be very cunning, and the devil a bad acre of land will they hire." The suppression of Irish manufactures, landlord extortion, the prospects held out in this country, caused many of these Quakers to seek new homes on our side of the Atlantic. Between 1682 and 1750, from 1,500 to 2,000 Irish "Friends," as they have ever preferred to call themselves, settled in Pennsylvania. There many of them rose to eminence. It is the story of these Friends, of their migrations, and of their settlement that is told in the interesting volume before us. The records of the Society were from the first singularly exact—not only births, deaths, and marriages being noted, but also removals of members and their acceptance by new meetings. Of such materials our author has well availed himself, not only on this side of the Atlantic, but in Ireland. He throws a flood of life upon the manners and customs, ways of living, and modes of voyaging of the time. The passage occupied from six to twelve weeks. The cost was some $45. Many voyaged upon credit. Some were lent money by their meetings. Others sold themselves into temporary servitude, usually for four years, to defray the cost of their transportation. Many brought out bond servants and disposed of the labor of some of them. An intending emigrant is thus advised:

"I wod have him Procure 3 or 4 Lusty Servants & agree to pay their passage at this side he might sell 2 & pay the others passage with the money."

Considering the desire, both of the Government and of the landlords, to expedite emigration in our time, it is interesting to read of the obstacles then thrown in the way of those who desired to leave Ireland. In May, 1736, John Stewart writes from Dublin a remonstranee to "the proprietor of pensylvania" on this subject. Emigrants had been delayed weeks at port of embarkation by "Hellish contrivance";

"many of which are in most deplorable circumstances not so much as able to pay thire passage and all of them destitute of howses to put thire heads into or of means wherewith to support themselves maney of which has depended on their Friends in America from home they yearly have Accts. . . . But our Landlords here affirms that these Accts are all of them Forgerys & Lyes."

We have here tables showing the meetings in Ireland from which the immigrants came, and the districts where they settled. We are given portraits of leading Friends, views of meeting-houses, illustrations of costume, photographs of documents and autographs. Especially through extracts from wills we glean much information as to ways of living. The rougher life in Ireland made the immigrants better prepared settlers than those from Great Britain. Most families spun, and many wove their own linen and other fabrics. Among the most interesting documents quoted are letters from Robert Parke, near Chester, to his sister Mary, wife of Thomas Valentine of Ballybrumhill, in Carlow, Ireland. He was enthusiastic concerning his new home—

"for there is not one of the family but what likes the country very well, and wod If we were in Ireland again come here Directly it being the best country for working folk & tradesmen of any in the world, but for Drunkards and Idlers, they cannot live well anywhere, it is likewise an Extradin healthy country. . . . so that it is as Plentifull a Country as any can be if people will be Industrious."

He winds up a description of what is to be had at the fairs and markets with "Ribonds & all Sorts of necessarys fit for our wooden [? wooded] country & here all young men and women that wants wives and husbands may be Supplyed."

It would be difficult to give a full impression of the interests of this admirable book, especially to Friends or their descendants, without an extent of extracts for which we have no space. The 40,000 Irish Friends of those days have shrunk to 3,000. Mr. Myers should be capable of interestingly tracing the fortunes of the Society that remained in Ireland and of investigating the causes of their decline in numbers and influence. The present volume is well printed, in clear type, on excellent paper.

History of Ancient Greek Literature. By Harold N. Fowler. D. Appleton & Co. 1902.

This is one of the Series of "Twentieth-Century Text-books," and it deserves its title, inasmuch as it includes notice of discoveries such as the poems of Bacchylides and of Herondas, the long fragment of Menander's 'Georgos,' and the Pæan of Isyllus, which fell to the later years of the nineteenth century. The volume covers the whole range of literature from the Homeric poems to Chrysostom and Eusebius within the space of 501 pages, of which about 40 are devoted to bibliography, an index, and a chronological table; and this restricted space is made to contain brief mention of many slight figures (the letter S, for example, offering the names Simmias, Sosylus, Syrianus, and two Sotions). With this scale and scope, it is almost impossible to avoid an occasional dryness of treatment, and, as a matter of fact, the work is, perhaps necessarily, on the whole a handbook of reference rather than a readable history of literature; it is safe, careful, and trustworthy rather than illuminating and inspiring. Professor Murray, in his somewhat shorter history, is both illuminating and inspiring, because he has limited his view to the important figures, and he makes these figures emerge with distinctness, connecting each writer rationally with his work and his epoch. The result is a remarkably readable piece of literature. On the other hand, Dr. Fowler's plain statement of facts, biographical and literary, may answer well the needs of the student who keeps it at his elbow for reference.

The author, in his preface, speaks of "class-room use of the book for the secondary school and the college student," and expects the latter "to use it all, spending

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more study on the more important authors." The secondary schools have, indeed, many burdens on their shoulders, and one of these may be the teaching of an unknown literature by recitations from a text-book. This is like teaching botany from a manual, without access to plants or flowers; and some teachers may possibly like this method; but the pupils will not like it, and will carry away from it nothing but a few dry facts—not even so much as a *hortus siccus*. The college student will in time make the acquaintance of the flowers, and may then use his manual to advantage; but the boy or girl at school has never even smelt the flowers, unless he has been adventurous enough to peep over the hedge by the aid of Charles Lamb and Church and similar friends of youth. These, indeed, are real benefactors, and the maturer pupil, once allured by their guidance, may fill out the framework of a primer by reading translations, or such leisurely dissertations as he may find in Symonds's or Mahaffy's histories. He will carry off far more from this extensive reading than from slowly and painfully memorizing a much briefer manual.

We notice here and there a phrase which Dr. Fowler may wish to reconsider, or a characterization which ... ther bald, or vague, or inadequat[e] ... questionable. We italicize the doubtful expressions: Bion "was a pleasing poet, chiefly of love-poems"; "The poems of Bion and Moschus are pleasing, *but by no means great*"; "In his description of human passion, Apollonius *rises to heights which few poets have reached*"; "Polybius, *the greatest of Greek historians with the possible exception of Thucydides*"; and again, "Pindar was a religious man with a religion rather of *good works and outward observance than of faith*, though his good taste would have kept him from any disrespectful remarks about the gods, even if he had had no religious reverence for them." This last is a hard saying, which will surprise the scholar and mislead the tyro; for Pindar unquestionably had faith as well as good taste, and it is idle to measure him by the standards and ideals of a religion which he never dreamed of. On page 213, the first paragraph is awkward and needs recasting; the last line of page 230 contains a misspelling; the date of Socrates on page 481 should be 399; and it seems a pity to omit mention of Lang's translation of the Homeric Hymns. However, these are merely *obiter* suggestions for a future edition.

Algazel: Dogmática, Moral, Ascética. Par Miguel Asín, Palacios Presbítero, con Prólogo de Menéndez y Pelayo. Zaragoza. 1901. Pp. xl, 912.

For the last twenty years there has been in progress in Spain a renaissance of Arabic studies. Its development has been singularly free from outside influences; even the school of Fleischer appears to have affected it but little. The unfortunate side of this has been undoubtedly seen in a certain provinciality of tone and slackness in scholarship which showed themselves in its earlier results, but which are now amply counterbalanced by the originality and vigorous individuality of the younger writers. As a consequence, the reproach sometimes brought against Fleischer and his followers that they paid more attention to the scrupulous editing of texts than to the study of Muslim life and thought, does not hold here. It is true that the movement began with the publication by Codera, Ribera, Zaydín, and Tarrago of a most valuable series—the "Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana"—of original texts, but that was only the necessary foundation for the more constructive work now being done. In this last the geographical advantages of the Spanish scholars show themselves. Arabic literature, thought, and history are not locally foreign for them: they are actually part of the life of the Spanish people, and can be studied as such a part. The Spaniard who takes them up has not turned his back on his country and gone far away for his objects of interest; he is still a student of things Spanish. He is safe, too, of his audience: his books will appeal directly to all educated Spain. Hence have come two very mingled results. On the one hand, the Spanish Arabist must have in view those educated, interested, but non-Arabist readers. He may not write for scholars only. This, while it humanizes and broadens his work, undoubtedly blunts its precision. But, on the other hand, Spanish writers who are not Arabists often deal luminously and well with Arabic subjects. Through them a breadth of literary and historical perception is brought to bear which such studies at the hands of specialists too often lack. In this way even the mass of the people is reached. Not long ago there appeared a tiny volume, evidently intended for the most popular use, on the Arabic literature of Spain.

The same is well seen in the present book, the latest and most important of the series called "Colección de Estudios Árabes," and the first volume of several to deal at length with al-Ghazzali. Its author is a young Arabist of Zaragoza and a pupil of Julián Ribera, but to it is prefixed a very valuable and suggestive preface by the veteran littérateur and publicist, Menéndez y Pelayo, in which he draws out the threads of connection, bringing the influence of al-Ghazzali down into modern thought. One of these, the shortest, has long been traced and recognized. When the schoolmen, from Alexander Hales to Thomas Aquinas, quote Algazel, it is as a writer of Aristotelian compends; yet this was the least important and most mechanical side of his work. But when, in the thirteenth century, Raimund Martini, the Catalan Dominican and controversalist, came to study al-Ghazzali, he took over from him into the 'Pugio Fidei' the sceptical side of his system, using it against the Averroists to establish the necessity of a revelation. From the 'Pugio Fidei' that system passed, namelessly, into the 'Summa contra Gentes' of Thomas Aquinas, and, long after, into the 'Pensées' of Pascal. From Aquinas it came to Campanella and Leibnitz. Finally as a mystic, al-Ghazzali influenced most powerfully the eccentric ascetic, Raymond Lully. Thus, as scholastic, as sceptic, and as mystic he has worked upon European thought.

The most of this has as yet made little impression on our students of philosophy. The "Arabian philosophy," as all speculative thought written in Arabic is absurdly called, is generally passed by as either dead or unintelligible and negligible. But if Señor Asín carries out his plan and follows this stout little volume with three others, a monument will have been set to al-Ghazzali which no student of philosophy will be able to neglect. His work so far is excellently done, better perhaps upon al-Ghazzali himself than in the introductory chapters. In these there is some uncertainty of touch, and the earlier history, theological and otherwise, is not always rightly rendered. Nor can his telling of the external life of al-Ghazzali always be defended. But his spiritual development and the growth of his system have been studied with an assiduity and in a detail never before applied; and the result as a whole cannot be too highly commended. Through the labor of Señor Asín it is at last possible for the non-Arabist to learn to know the one lovable Muslim writer, the one Muslim theologian who is of the rank of Augustine, and a thinker who, though dying in the early twelfth century, is yet in the closest touch with modern Europe.

Señor Asín is in the orders, and evidently a faithful son of the Church of Rome. His training in its scholastic philosophy has, in the present work, stood him in good stead. But the following words of his, to which Menéndez y Pelayo also subscribes, will show that the independent and dignified obedience which Spain has always professed towards the Roman See is still the Spanish spirit:

"Para cumplir con el espíritu y la letra de la encíclica *Æterni Patris*, en que Su Santidad abogaba, años hace, por la restauración de la Escolástica, es preciso seguir las huellas de los más insignes doctores escolásticos. Así como Alberto Magno, Raimundo Martín, Lulio y otros muchos no se avergonzaban de tomar de la filosofía arábiga todo lo que en ella encontraban de utilizable para adaptarlo á la dogmática cristiana, no de otro modo debemos en nuestros días aprovechar todo legítimo progreso que aparezca en la literatura filosófica contemporánea, seguros de que así haremos avanzar á la filosofía cristiana más y mejor, que permaneciendo petrificados en los textos que ya pasaron, atentos exclusivamente á repetirlos y comentarlos."

To these words we can all well subscribe, and see in them the true hope for the Spanish future.

L'Habitation Byzantine. Recherches sur l'Architecture Civile des Byzantins et son Influence in Europe. Par le Général L. de Beylié. Grenoble: Falque & F. Perrin; Paris: E. Leroux. 1902. Small folio, pp. xvi., 220. Many separate plates and text illustrations.

This book, issued in portfolio and not sewed, contains 400 illustrations, some of which have been drawn from manuscripts, early maps and the like, some from frescoes and mosaics, some from existing buildings (generally in ruin), and some direct from trustworthy books, such as Vogüé's 'La Syrie Centrale.' These illustrations are closely connected with the text in a careful way, and their character is not at all that of mere decorations. Some of the little drawings found in rare manuscripts in the Vatican and elsewhere have been made, as the author thinks, more intelligible; but we have his word for it that notice is given in every case, by the words "dessin rectifié."

The text is divided into five parts of from two to four chapters each. The first part deals with the Roman dwelling before the

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fourth century A. D.; the second with the Byzantine dwelling in the fourth and fifth centuries; the third with the Byzantine dwelling down to the fifteenth century, with special reference to Constantinople; the fourth with Byzantine palaces outside of Greece (by which geographical term is to be understood here the whole region of the long-continuing Byzantine Empire, since Venice and Ravenna come into this part, with the palaces of the Kremlin); and the fifth with decoration and movable objects of fine art. There is a conclusion, which is little more than a conversational summing-up of the demonstrations and the opinions contained in the body of the work.

The book is very handsomely printed, on paper of attractive surface, giving a clear, black impression of type and cuts alike; and the same paper is used for the separate plates—a seemly and even artistical procedure much too rare in our bookmaking. The proofreading has been negligently done, and there are obvious faults of gender, and omitted or wrongly set accents and omissions of the diæresis, and the like, very odd to see. And, indeed, we take the book to be the work of one not practised in the art of description and demonstration. He writes, however, with a straightforward simplicity natural to the man who is strongly interested in one very attractive and very little studied subject. Plainly he tells us, in the first page of the preface, how very few are the available materials—the houses of central Syria; some few ruins in Constantinople; a scrap of Theodorus's palace at Ravenna; a newly explored large house at Melnic near Salonika; together with manuscripts, mosaics, and such-like documents and a few sculptured reliefs. The comparisons he draws from Byzantine palaces in Venice and vaulted halls in Moscow are not urged in advance; they are left for the careful reader. The preface merely goes on to state that as yet nothing has been done in the way of study of the remains in the south of Italy, and in Istria, Dalmatia, and Constantinople itself.

The trouble is that there must be, for this study, much use of the spade and pick, much tearing out and digging up, much uncovering of Byzantine masonry now concealed either by more recent partitions, floors, roofs, and walls, or by accumulations of rubbish. If some millionaire would buy the old houses of Venice, to begin with; then buy up real estate in and near Ravenna; then, making use of simple legal dodges, acquire practical control of property in towns of the Balkan peninsula, especially Salonika and Constantinople—thereafter research might really begin. Our author seems to feel the necessity of such original work, and to have put forward the book now in hand as a plea for further and more complete study.

The Story of a Strange Career: Being the Autobiography of a Convict. Edited by Stanley Waterloo. D. Appleton & Co.

In a speech delivered at Lorain, O., on September 6, Mr. Bigelow, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, is reported to have said: "It makes all the difference whether a man steals a little or a great deal; whether he violates a law in stealing or steals with the assistance of the law. We want to know how much a man steals before we decide to send him to the penitentiary or to the Senate." As the author of 'The Story of a Strange Career' gives no details of a total of thirty years of penal servitude, we are unable to learn whether he stole a little or a great deal; presumably enough to make him eligible for the penitentiary, but not sufficient to enable him to select the alternative.

His story is commonplace, and not worthy of much attention. On the maternal side he came of "an old New York family." On the paternal he claims Irish descent. At an early age, through choice, he sailed before the mast as an apprentice on a ship bound from New York to Canton. Before the voyage had proceeded very far, the captain of the vessel was found murdered in his cabin, and the author was arrested for the crime. The ship put back to Charleston, S. C., where he was placed upon trial. He was acquitted for lack of evidence. He devotes considerable space to this episode, confirming in the narration of it what his editor says of him, that "a cheerful reminiscent vein runs through all he tells. His sense of humor is ever present." This incident retarded, but did not cut short his career as a sailor. He followed the usual routine of life before the mast—semi-tragic or grotesque, with its hardships and questionable adventures. Twice he enlisted in the British navy, and as many times deserted that service.

There is one incident of his seafaring career which we give as he relates it, because it may reveal, perhaps, what is meant by the "literature of conscience" to which his editor assigns this narrative:

"This was the toughest crew I ever sailed with—nearly all old acquaintances in Mobile. The amount of money in our possession was over a thousand dollars in gold coin. Usually, sailors on a ship's leaving port are all dead broke. An Irishman, for security, had bound a rag around his ankle containing sixty dollars. One morning his rag was missing. He bewailed his loss at a terrible rate. Somebody had quietly shaved his original money-belt with a razor while he was taking his sleep on deck during a night watch. I was the next victim; twenty dollars in gold was taken from my sea chest. I said very little about my loss, as I had a strong suspicion that a certain man had taken it. He had shown me how safe his money was. It was rolled up in a rag in his trousers' pocket with a string tied around the outside of the pocket, so that the money could not be reached unless the string was untied, and that could not be done without removing his trousers, as he explained to me. His custom was to get into bed all a-stand—that is, without undressing. The first stormy night we had plenty of work to do, reefing topsails, and all of us were tired and sleepy when our watch went below. All were soon asleep but myself, for my hour of revenge had arrived. With a sharp penknife I cut a slit in the trousers of my dishonest friend, the end of the pocket containing the gold slipped out; then I cut off the whole business. *The money was all I wanted,* and the *string, rag, and remnants of the pocket* I left as a *souvenir*" (the italics are ours).

It is needless to add that the narrator "'planted' the money in a secure place."

At the opening of the civil war he was appointed an acting volunteer ensign in the navy. In this capacity he showed ability and courage. He was taken prisoner by the Confederates, and remained in captivity for a considerable period. He was honorably discharged at the close of the conflict. Once more out of employment, he went West, and lately died in Joliet prison, Illinois, while serving a sentence for burglary.

Recollections of a Long Life: An Autobiography. By Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The arrangement of Dr. Cuyler's book is more topical than chronological, but one is able to extract from it a pretty good idea of the succession of his busy years. It is evident that he has always loved his work and that he has been genial in his personal relations; and these particulars furnish us with the explanation of his good fortune in the pursuit of his clerical calling. Moreover, he has had little disposition to overhaul his traditional orthodoxy, and his ideas of the Bible have remained as simple as if no modern critic, from Strauss to Cheyne, had ever written a word. Yet the man's human sympathies are much wider than his criticism or his creed. He has been unable to resist the charm of personal distinction, whatever its ecclesiastical associations. He tells us that he went abroad on his first visit "keen for lion-hunting," and, whether abroad or at home, this sport has always had for him a powerful fascination. The major part of his book is devoted to his acquaintance with famous people, ecclesiastical, literary, and political. On his first visit to Europe, and again thirty years later, he visited Carlyle, and his success with the perfervid Scot was quite equal to that achieved by any casual American visitor. At one time and another, Dr. Cuyler saw Gladstone at considerable advantage, and other personages of great reputation. It is possible that we should not too implicitly rely upon the accuracy of his report of things said and done by his famous people. Lincoln, passing through New York on his way to his inauguration, he describes as "the most august and majestic figure that he ever beheld." Another observer describes him, with more apparent verisimilitude, as looking miserably unimpressive and forlorn.

As with things seen, so with things heard; the rhetorical habit seems to have been a perverting medium. But Dr. Cuyler does not endorse the good temperance character given to Webster recently by Edward Everett Hale. He "once saw him when his brain was raked with the chain-shot of alcohol." Dr. Cuyler's rhetoric tends to this vivid hue. It degenerates into a kind of slang when he writes of his essays in revivalism. "From the start in Brooklyn," he says, "I struck for souls." There is a good ring in a passage that denounces the absolutism of our government of the Filipinos. There are some misprints—"Waverly" novels, "Henry Wordsworth Longfellow." Dr. Channing is called "Ellery Channing." But so much cheerful godliness would atone for much more serious defects. The succession of portraits from youth to old age is interesting for its diverse identity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armstrong, Edward. The Emperor Charles V. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.

Baedeker, Karl: Southern France, including Corsica. New ed. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; New York: Scribners. $2.70.

Baldry, A. L. Modern Mural Decoration. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $5.

Besant, Walter. No Other Way. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Betts, Lillian W. The Leaven in a Great City. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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Botsford, G. W. An Ancient History for Beginners. Macmillan.
Braden, J. A. Far Past the Frontier; or, The Two Boy Pioneers. Saalfield Pub. Co.
Brady, C. T. Border Fights and Fighters. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.30.
Breakspeare, E. J. Mozart. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Canfield, H. S. The Boys of Rincon Ranch. Century Co. $1.
Carlyle, Thomas. The French Revolution. (Edinburgh Edition.) Scribners. $1.52.
Chignell, Robert. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (The Makers of British Art.) London: The Walter Scott Pub. Co.: New York: Scribners, $1.25.
Clark, Kate U. Move Upward. (What is Worth While Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 28 cents.
Cloud, Virginia W. A Reed by the River. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Compayré, Gabriel. Development of the Child in Later Infancy: Being Part II. of the Intellectual and Moral Development of the Child. (International Education Series.) Translated by Mary E. Wilson. D. Appleton & Co.
Corelli, Marie. A Christmas Greeting. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Crawford, Mary C. The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees. (Little Pilgrimages.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Cutting, Mary S. Little Stories of Married Life. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
Dix, Beulah M. A Little Captive Lad. Macmillan. $1.50.
Douglas, G. C. M. Samuel and his Age: A Study in the Constitutional History of Israel. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. $2.50.
Edgar, Pelham. The Struggle for a Continent: Edited from the Writings of Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Eliot, Ida M., and Caroline G. Soule. Caterpillars and their Moths. Century Co. $2.
Essays of Montaigne. Translated by Charles Cotton. 4 vols. W. C. Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner; New York: Scribners. $12.
Fairless, Michael. The Roadmender. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Field, Roswell The Romance of an Old Fool. Evanston (Ill.): William S. Lord. $1.25.
Fowler, Ellen T. Fuel of Fire. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Francis, M. E. The Manor Farm: A Novel. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
French, Allen. Sir Marrok: A Tale of the Days of King Arthur. Century Co. $1.
Fuchs, Otto. Handbook on Linear Perspective, Shadows and Reflections. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gardner, Ruth K. In Happy Far-Away Land. From Tales Told by Frances P. Kimball. Zimmerman's. $1.50.
Girdlestone, R. B. The Grammar of Prophecy: An Attempt to Discover the Method Underlying the Prophetic Scriptures. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. $2.50.
Goss, C. F. The Loom of Life. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Harris, J. C. Gabriel Tolliver: A Story of Reconstruction. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Harrison, Edith O. Prince Silverwings and Other Fairy Tales. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Harte, Bret. Condensed Novels. Second Series: New Burlesques. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Hansen, George. Baby Roland Series: (1) Vespers, (2) Lima Beans, (3) Ascent of Man. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard.
Henry, A. H. By Order of the Prophet: A Tale of Utah. New ed. Fleming H. Revell & Co. $1.50.
Higginson, T. W. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (American Men of Letters.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10.
Hunter, S. J. Elementary Studies in Insect Life. Topeka (Kan.): Crane & Co. $1.25.
Hurrell, J. W. Measured Drawings of Old Oak English Furniture: Also of Some Remains of Architectural Woodwork, Plasterwork, Metalwork, Glazing, etc. London: B. T. Botsford; New York: Scribners. $15.
Ilo, W. A. Hazel Pierce. A. Hograve & Co.
Ingoldsby, Thomas, and E. M. Jessop. The Jackdaw of Rheims. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode; New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Johnson, Clifton. New England and its Neighbors. (American Highways and Byways.) Macmillan. $2.
Knapp, Adeline. The Boy and the Baron. Century Co. $1.
Lanier, Clifford. Apollo and Keats on Browning. A Phantasy, and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Lansing, Robert, and G. M. Jones. Government, Its Origin, Growth, and Form in the United States. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Leypoldt, A. H. The Publishers' Trade List Annual, 1902. Publishers' Weekly.
London, Jack. Children of the Frost. Macmillan. $1.50.
London, Jack. The Cruise of the Dazzler. Century Co. $1.
Louthan, Hattie H. Thoughts Adrift. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Mabie, H. W. Under the Trees. New ed. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Masters, E. L. Maximilian. A Play in Five Acts. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
McIlvaine, Charles, and Macadam, R. K. One Thousand American Fungi: How to Select and Cook the Edible; How to Distinguish and Avoid the Poisonous. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
McMurry, Charles. A Teacher's Manual of Geography. Macmillan. 40c.
Mead, Leon. Word-Coinage: Being an Enquiry into Recent Neologisms, also a Brief Study of Literary Style, Slang, and Provincialisms. (Handy Information Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 45 *cents.*
Mead, Lucia A. Milton's England. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60.
Mélanges Linguistiques, offerts à M. Antoine Meillet par ses Elèves, D. Barbelenet, G. Dottin, R. Gauthiot, M. Grammont, A. Laronde, M. Niedermann, J. Vendryes. Paris: C. Klincksieck.
Morey, W. C. The Government of New York: Its History and Administration. (Handbooks of American Government.) Macmillan. 75 cents.
Morning Glory. The American Diary of a Japanese Girl. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.60.
Morris, Gouverneur. Aladdin O'Brien. Century Co. $1.25.
Morrison, Arthur. The Hole in the Wall. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Moulton, F. R. An Introduction to Celestial Mechanics. Macmillan. $3.50.
Murray, Dr. J. A. H. Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. 8. part 1. Q. Henry Frowde.
Newell, Peter. Topsys and Turvys: A Rhyming Colored Picture Book. Century Co. $1.
Nichols, F. H. Through Hidden Shensi. Scribners. $3.50.
Nicolay, J. G. A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln: Condensed from Nicolay and Hay's Abraham Lincoln: A History. Century Co. $2.40.
Parker, Gilbert. Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Pemberton, Max. The House under the Sea: A Romance. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Potter, H. C. The East of To-day and To-morrow. Century Co. $1.
Prince, Helen C. The Strongest Master. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. The White Wolf, and Other Fireside Tales. Scribners. $1.50.
Randall, O. E. Shades and Shadows in Perspective: A Textbook Based on the Principles of Descriptive Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Roberts, C. G. D. Barbara Ladd. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Robertson, J. G. A History of German Literature. London: William Blackwood & Sons; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Schleinitz, Otto von. Walter Crane. Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Schröer, Arnold. Chr. Fr. Grieb's Dictionary of the English and German Languages, Vol. II.: German and English. Tenth ed. Henry Frowde.
Seligman, E. R. A. The Economic Interpretation of History. Columbia University Press (Macmillan). $1.50.
Sherlock Holmes. (Two Copy-Book System.) Philadelphia: Edward Roth.
Smith, Charlotte C. Bob Knight's Diary, Camping Out, with Sketches by Bob. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.20.
Smith, Nora A. Three Little Marys. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85 cents.
Snow, A. H. The Administration of Dependencies. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Spearman, F. H. Doctor Bryson. A Novel. Scribners. $1.50.
Spiers, R. P. The Orders of Architecture, Greek, Roman, and Italian. New ed. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. $4.
Spofford, Harriet P. The Great Procession, and Other Verses for and about Children. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Stephen, Leslie. History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. 2 vols. Third ed. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $8.
Stevenson, B. E. Tommy Remington's Battle. Century Co. $1.
Stillman, Annie R. Fool's Gold: A Study in Values. Fleming H. Revell & Co. $1.50.
Stokoe, T. H. Life and Letters of St. Paul. 2 parts. Henry Frowde. 4s.
Stories of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France: From the Old Romances. Macmillan. $1.75.
Struthers, Joseph. The Mineral Industry: Its Statistics, Technology, and Trade. Vol. X. The Engineering and Mining Journal.
Sturt, Henry. Personal Idealism. Macmillan. $3.25.
Taggart, A. Marion. The Wyndham Girls. Century Co. $1.20.
Tarkington, Booth. The Two Vanrevels. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Tasty Dishes. R. F. Fenno & Co. 50 cents.
The American Idea as Expounded by American Statesmen. Compiled by J. B. Gilder. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20.
The Bogey Book. Pictured by R. J. S. London: Eyre & Spottswoode: New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.
The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Vols. I.-V. Edited by C. F. Richardson. (The Booklover's Arnheim Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Living Age. Vol. ccxxxiv. Boston: The Living Age. Co.
Thieme, H. P. Sans Famille, par Hector Malot. H. Holt & Co.
Thomas, Edward. Horæ Solitariæ. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1
Tinker, C. B. Beowulf. Newson & Co. $1.
Tomlinson, E. T. Under Colonial Colors: A Tale of Arnold's Expedition in 1775. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.20.
Truscott, L. P. The Poet and Penelope. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Upton, G. P. Memories: A Story of German Life, from the German of Max Müller. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Upton, G. P. The Standard Light Operas. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Valentine, E. S., and Tomlinson, F. L. Travels in Space: A History of Aerial Navigation. London: Hurst & Blackett.
Venable, W. H. Tom Tad. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Wallace, Lew. The First Christmas. Harpers. $1.25.
Wells, H. G. The Sea Lady. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Wetherald, Ethelwyn. Tangled in Stars. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Whipple, H. B. Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. New Ed. Macmillan. $2.
White, Percy. The New Christians. Federal Book Co. $1.25.
Whitelock, W. W. When the Heart is Young. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Young, T. M. The American Cotton Industry. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Scribners.

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